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Wofford's Literary Magazine
Vol. LXXVIII, No. 1
December 1976

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WOFFORD COLLEGE

INTAMINATIS FULGET HONORIBUS

A. D. 1854

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

the journal

Wofford's Literary Magazine
Vol. LXXXVIII, No. 1
December 1976

Jim Hackney, Editor
Terry Rosenburg, Assistant Editor

THE JOURNAL is published during the academic year by the students of Wofford College, Spartanburg, South Carolina. The magazine is supervised financially by the Wofford College Publications Board.

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The cover art is a photograph of Carlisle Hall by Mark Olencki .

Wading with ankles pin-shocked and red,
And feet dull with cold; one with the stones.
Moving down the brown rooted river bank away
From a steel beamed bridge, the water crawls,
A thin tide, slow with cold.
On the stream ahead each large rock pulls
A small moon from the river's surface.

My arms are warming in the sun not sapped
By trees shading the river.
After one hundred yards my legs are gone,
The river pirating them as the water deepens,
Taking them like sleeping babies with depth and cold.

Viewpoint: **Community**

Don Welch

It is time for a radical change. It is time for the college which desires to be Christian to take the steps necessary to affirm that desire. It is time for Wofford College to make good its claim to be a community of scholars in search for truth. It is time for us to take seriously what it means to be related unapologetically to the Church which owes its existence to the faith in the revelation of God through Jesus Christ.

We are fragmented on this campus. The phrase, "Wofford Community, " has a hollow ring. Each goes his own way. Each pursues his own goals. Each designs his own life style without regard to any other person. We live side by side but not together. We use each other, but do not love each other. The game we play here is "one against all" and no one ever wins. All of us lose. Each builds the barriers around him and opens the gate to let others in only when it is convenient or advantageous. There is no community! There is only separateness!

Perhaps, this has always been true. Perhaps it always will. At the end of the 1854-55 academic year, did the three faculty members and seven students meet in Main Building and ask, "Where is the Wofford community?" Will this be the topic for the pre-session faculty workshop in 1999?

Everyone talks about the lack of community but does anyone care enough to take steps necessary to bring it about? In the musical, 1776, John Adams cries out in despair when it appears that the Declaration of Independence will not be adopted, "Is anybody there? Does anybody care?"

The first ingredient of community is intentionality. We must intend to bring it about. In a sermon preached in chapel this fall, I proposed that a representative group of students, faculty, and administrators, sit down and draw up a "covenant of expectations." They should ask each other what they expect from themselves and from each other. These should be written into a covenant which each member of the faculty, student body and administration would sigh. This covenant would be explained, discussed, and renewed each year. Thus we would state what we intend to do and then strive to live up to our intentions.

A community must be disciplined. During the 1960's, colleges tended to erase any inclinations toward discipline. Everyone was allowed to do his own thing" regardless of its effect on other persons. The disciplined life of study, recreation, and worship has virtually disappeared from our campuses, I am proposing that we expect from ourselves and others definite periods of study and definite standards of conduct.

If a community is intentional and disciplined, it will necessarily be exclusive. These persons who cannot commit themselves to the expectations of the community would not be admitted. Those who consistently violate the discipline of the community and make no efforts to amend their attitudes and behavior would be excluded. This exclusiveness would not be based on race, sex, or particular religious preference. The community would admit all those who desire to be a part of it and who intend to live according to its discipline. Of course, this will affect our admission and retention policies, but it should also attract serious students who, prior to this time, have not even considered Wofford College.

Finally, I confess a bias which may make the whole idea impossible for a large segment of Wofford's present population . (Notice how I avoid "Wofford Community"). The community must be a worshipping community. A person estranged from God is not capable of community. Sin is devisive. Only a confessing, forgiving community can withstand the human tendency to assert oneself at the expense of others. Fellowship is brought about by the Spirit of God, and our brotherhood is achieved only as we recognize our Father.

I have just read again Dietrich Bonhoeffer's Life Together. As a Christian, I must affirm Christian fellowship as the only one possible. In essence, this may be the answer to the question asked by Wofford and hundreds of other church-related colleges, "What does it mean to be a Christian college?"

There are those who think that restoring compulsary chapel would "bring back" the community that actually never was. I don't believe this, but I do believe that if we are serious about community, we cannot achieve it unless we build into the discipline of our life a voluntary gathering to celebrate our life together as a community in search for the truth which ultimately comes only from God.

PHOTOGRAPH

Rudy Williams

After miles of gorse, rock and bog,
The Military Road drops down to Glencree.
Sir John Moore's Barracks are now a youth hostel
And across the road there's the simple church
With its shaded graves of German submariners.
Off to the left, the Good Shepherd stands the watch.
A lovely spot and, in my mind,
Always as still as the soft Irish rain.

It is among my father's favorite places,
He for whom hell is a troopship
In convoy on the Atlantic
Where one moment is an eternity.
We always stop, wander about,
Gaze across at War Hill, Sugar Loaf.
Father never says much here,
Just an occasional "peaceful."

Glencree

Dennis Dooley

I have often wondered what lurks
In the depths of those silences.
Perhaps some simple delight, long forgotten,
In Ireland's mad beauty stirs the blood.
Or does the nightmare of six ounces
Of Krupp mortar once again
Gear his mind for silent running?
Then again, he his old, perhaps resigned.

Old men have earned moments of silence
That young men, perhaps, should respect,
For, finally, the hawk's descent
And westward flight cannot be taught.
But I suppose we can share this view
Of God's madness, father and son,
This still, shaded valley where,
At Glencree, the Good Shepherd presides.

Poem

Gregory Blane Fowler

And what is life
That I might cry:
Bidding my goodbye
To an empty coffin
Sliding beneath the earth

And what is this life
That they won't let me die;
Though how i've cried,
But they bury my empty coffin
Not letting me enter in.

The Day The Morning Delayed

Les McMillan

The empirists warned us.
We choked our blinds
And moved our lips like windblown leaves.
At 10:23 A.M. we brought out the moldy Christmas
candles— all the power had failed.
The guilty began to proselytize;
Some began to wail like banshees and never stopped,
Others slit their wrists.
At the town meeting, the men dressed sloppily
in expensive suits, fumbling with pipes, rose
to their formalities like dying hands to a face.
A crowd had gathered on the grassy hillock on the
border of the town when the pink sun rose with
a jerk.
It was laurelled by knell-like murmurs which, after
a short hiatus, changed tone and grew to cheers
resembling those for a beloved dictator.

PHOTOGRAPH

Rudy Williams

To Kathy

Robert Cannon

Dirty blue tennis shoes
And rings under her eyes
("I was born with them"),
She grins and giggles.

K. K.

Vernie Marsh

I had just finished a bout of studying (ancient history, no less) and decided that I had to have coffee to continue studying any sort of conscious manner. As visions of Ahuramayda overcoming Ahriman floated about in my weary skull, I ventured off to the nearest doughnut shop.

"Yeah! That was Zoroaster and 2,500 years ago. But tonight's tonight and it's damned dark out there!" I thought to myself.

My eyes anxiously searched the trees as if I expected them to sprout scarred arms bristling with knives and blackjacks. Indeed, it was a quite brisk pace I assumed. Ahead was a huge asphalt parking lot, strewn with worthless souvenirs of Saturday night All-Star Wrestling. I now imagined myself in that arena, asserting my muscularity and daring anyone to cross the ropes and take me on. Rudely returned to reality, I tried to humble my five-foot, five-inch, 125 pound frame and avoid the less than edifying stares of two shadowy figures leaning on someone's car roof (or so it seemed to yours truly!) On my quest for obscurity, I wondered how I might become as one of those little yellow lines on the pavement.

The usually garish neon lights which marked my destination seemed to take on a rather alluring quality as I hurriedly approached. (There was no doubt about it— I had acquired what my professor called "the aesthetic viewpoint!)"

A satisfied customer held the door for me, and I quickly, self-assuredly walked in. The yeast-laden air soothed my spirits and transported my thoughts to the realm of "long-johns" and "tarts."

Zoroaster doesn't know what he's missing," I snickered to myself.

The doughnuts were making their midnight ride down, around the conveyor belt, through the sugarfall, onto the trays, and into the hungry stomachs of those braving the sanctity of early morning.

One of those brave souls was sitting across the counter from me, almost stealthily sipping his coffee and gazing out through the venetian blinds into the neon-spotted blackness. The man was balding, tanned-tought, covered with a flannel shirt and crumpled overalls. Maintaining an unreflecting look, his calloused hand reached for a weathered book of matches and a filter-less cigarette in

one of the myriad pockets he sported.

My stomach growled, and I was moved to remedy the situation.

Face down, I engrossed myself in the sociological ramifications of doughnut holes. Through the steam of a sip of coffee, I noticed that the man across the counter was looking at me. As I lowered my cup, his eyes again shifted to the changing street light.

"I had better start on The Prairie when I get back," I reminded myself.

After his second cup of coffee, the balding man slowly rose to leave. I mustered an irresolute smile and a gruff sound from the back of my throat. The man passed, unaware of my actions or intentions. I watched sadly as the distance between us increased. Once outside, the man's head disappeared as he sat down behind the wheel of an obscured automobile. The man drove hesitantly out from under the neon sign and waited for the street-light to change. The red and green lights of the sign reflected insidiously from the auto's rear window. "The King of Donuts" they winked.

PHOTOGRAPH

David Scott

Gambits

Peter Harvin

I remember shouting "Vivamus"
Like some erudite fool
While she looked at me,
Her eyes glinting like slivers of glass.
I tried every game once...
Sometimes twice:
Conversational gambits subtle and sweet
Like the cologne I wore.
She played well, my love,
Those hard eyes careful to follow
Every move,
Those lips curling in appropriate ways.
And in the soft and hazy light of sunset
We stood still for a moment, with
The rest carousing around us,
Called ourselves an island
And played with the sand,
Sculpting some bit of art on the shore.

We left the madness and danced a pavane
Graceful, slow, and quiet as the night
Around us.
And as dawn lit the streets, she left;
I watched through the window,
Saw her move quickly through wisps
Of yellow fog the sun was dispersing.

I will not go out today;
I'll stay, maybe read a book, play a song,
Write a letter,
Something.
Oh God, no, I just can't go out today.

Batik

John Lane

The girl sits on a low wooden bench applying
Clear wax from a coffee can to a sketched cloth.
The strokes of her brush are smooth,
As confident as well played notes.
The walls of the room are tacked with drying
Muslin frames of color, needing ironing,
Wrinkled in the numerous dyeings.

"Is this art form from the east? These lines look oriental
To me." I asked, sounding trained.

"Yes it is, it's Javanese to be exact. Look at those birds
Done with the green and brown, like a silk screen."

The two macaws were balancing on a thin white limb
Hanging in the dyed muslin air.
"The people like the birds," she offered,
"They usually sell."

Aphrodisiac

Les McMillan

I shall be gentler than a Gmaj7 chord
deftly picked on a guitar.
The sonorous snore of the radiator,
briefly broken by short staccatos,
shall accompany me.

The variegated sheets and blankets
smoothed on the bed shall stick to the skin.

Rolling riotously 'gainst blocked concrete,
with novels packed in shelves above,
we shall read rhythmic tones in our bodies;
curling kisses like poignant sentences,
peeling paint from faces.

19

Jim Hackney

To be nineteen,
Is to think you can take the world in your hands
Like a ball of clay;
Until it's smooth and all the sides are uniformed
Until they're not there.

But people yell obscenities at you
And beat you
Until your hands can't hold the clay any longer.

The world falls and breaks around you
Waiting for someone else to come and smooth it.

Walking a Beach in Venice, Florida with an Old Man

John Lane

The old man's face was folded and dark tanned,
Like ancient tooled leather I had seen once in a museum.
Yesterday he told me that he was a communist
From Oregon, spending the winter in Florida.
He carried a bag over one shoulder—
A large laundry bag worn thin in places
By tide debris: broken bottles, shells.
Worn thin like his hair.

For two days I had walked with him,
Pulled from my hotel bed early in the morning
By bright sun and a knowledge that he would be
Shuffling like a gull through the high-tide sand
Until he reached the rock levy two miles away.

Today he was raving as he walked in front of me
About conservatives and "alternate lifestyles."
Often his rage breaks like a wave
And leaves him talking about shells and Florida weather.

We passed two long-haired men with guitars
Sitting on a low sea wall.
We stopped and listened
To chords and their clear voices
And waves dragging the beach clean
As a wet street.
He then said, an old man lightening his burden,
That when it came to people
He believed in the young, billowing with hope,
And the old, confident with age,
And very little in between.

PHOTOGRAPH

Rudy Williams

Poem

Gregory Blane Fowler

sCrEaming!
delighted ectasy Screaming(!)

the rock singer
danced
and
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u
r
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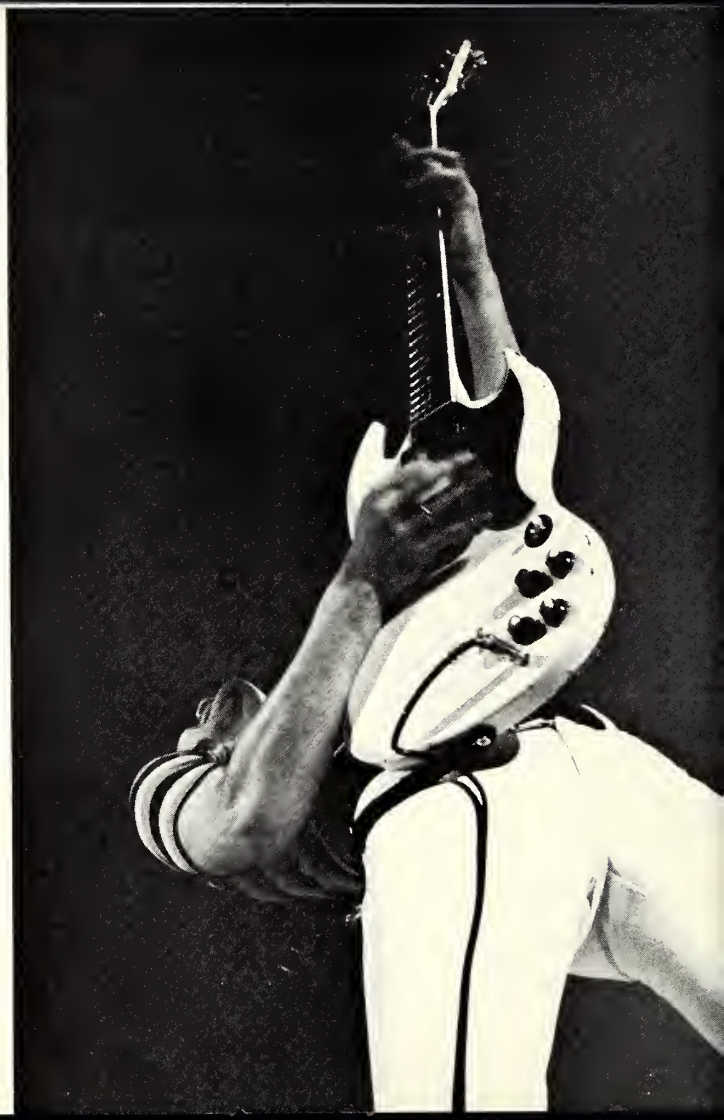
sCrEAmING!:
"LET'S BooGIE!"

PHOTOGRAPH

Mark Olencki



Change

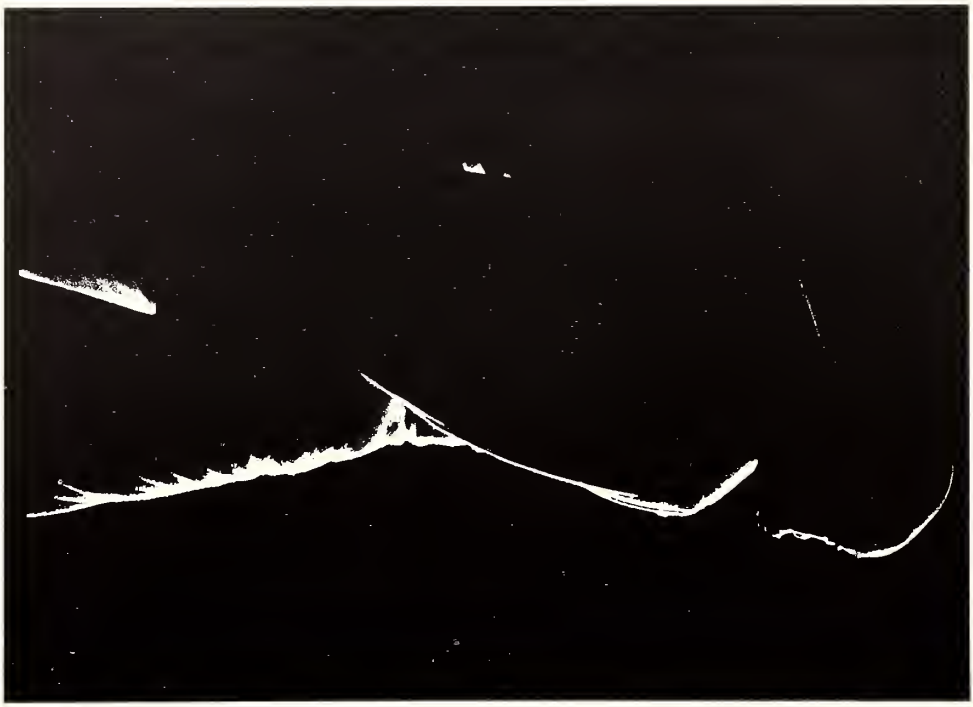
Les McMillan

Brought down to the ground by a mistake
Somewhere in the work,
Christ came to go
Between the cold, hard holiness
And the hot tremulous minds.

Sought down to the mound and lake
(To alleviate the quirk)
The truth is no
Green, bold leap;
A blot over our minds.

But signs and thunder do not awe us now;
To golden domes and fastidious research
We obsequiously make our bow.
Left in the lurch of over 1900 years of silence
(With nothing but the sign of Jonah
To thuddingly remind us
Of what we already know)
We celebrate the signing of a document
With Roman candles and hoisted flags,
Proud of our consummated rebellion,
Anxious, fearfully preserving its results,
Encouraging wanted, discouraging unwanted
Change.

We'll fill our mornings with sleep,
Missing the sounds of the orchestra tuning up,
Too tired, too hoarse to sing and play aubades,
Missing the matins– the spokesman of trees.



Geoffery Holder

Mark Olencki

23

Images created during a performance given in Leonard Auditorium, Feburary 1976.

The Split-Leaf Philodendron

John Lane

The girl and the man walked into the bar. Two overhead fans like you see in old western movies rotated in the smoke. The man clutched the girl's elbow and led her toward the dark rear of the bar as the sighted would lead the blind across a busy street. The girl glanced about as they weaved between the tables but the man looked straight at their destination, a table in the rear.

As they reached the empty table the man broke into a smile and helped with the girl's chair.

"What would you like to drink? It won't take as long if I go to the bar and order."

"I'll have a draft beer." These were the first words they had exchanged since they walked in the door. The girl started thinking about whether or not her companion was ordering at the bar because it was quicker or because he would not have to tip. She watched him approach the bar.

He was tall and rather slim. He had a build that looked as if it had never been threatened with exercise or manual labor. The only exception was his face. It was strong and angled like chipped stone and was covered with a thick, well trimmed beard. This redeemed his body somewhat in the girl's eyes.

The two had met the night before in the same bar. The girl had come by herself as she had done several times this summer. The man she was with tonight had rescued her from a very drunk, very direct young man who could not pry his gaze from her braless breasts that were outlined under a white cotton top. After the drunk young man had staggered away the two had talked for a while. They did not leave together but the girl had agreed to go our with him the next night. The man now approached the table with the two beers in mugs.

The beers were very cold and the sides of the mugs were beaded with water.

"That was quick, wasn't it?" The man said as he sat down. The girl took a deep swallow of the beer before she spoke. She wished the beer would take effect fast tonight so she could talk. She looked up from her beer and smiled and answered, "Yes, you should have gotten a pitcher so you wouldn't have to go back for a while."

"I'll order one from the waitress in a minute, that won't take long either." As he said this he pulled his chair a little closer to her side of the table. She smiled and shook her shoulder length brown hair from her face. Tonight she had on an elastic top made of white crinkly material that fit tight around her firm upper body. She had on a knee length skirt that showed the lower half of her well tanned and firm legs: legs that looked like they would last a long time because they were muscled like a runner's legs in a smooth, feminine way. As the man thought of something else to say she crossed her legs to trap the good cold feeling from the beer and the air within her with a tightening of her body.

Finally he spoke to try to start a conversation that would lead on for a while, "I noticed when I picked you up tonight that you live alone. You have a very small apartment."

She was happy to start talking now that she had nearly finished the first beer, "Yes, well, I really don't have any friends here yet and I like living alone. It's not too small, I have everything I need. I have a small kitchen, a bathroom, a bedroom and a small sitting room."

The man acted interested as she talked and kept looking her in the face and didn't let his face wander around the bar or drop to his beer. His hands clutched the beer as you would clutch a small animal, a mouse or a bird, to keep it from moving. His hands warmed the cold beer with each minute.

"You know I don't know anything about you. How long have you been here?" To the man this question seemed to have the most possibilities.

"Well, I guess you could say I am sort of wandering in a way. I graduated from a small college up north last year with a liberal arts degree and decided to come south to find a job for a while. I had always read about the south but had never been here." With this the girl finished the beer and looked around for a waitress. She noticed several men looking her way but they quickly broke their stares when they met her eyes. Something stirred inside her and she wished she were by herself tonight.

The man offered some vague comment about the appeal of the south and ended his statement with,

". . . but I think you made a wise choice, the people are friendly here and it's not too cold in the winter."

The girl had not listened to his last comment. Two tables away a man had just knocked over a beer and an attractive bar maid was wiping the floor. There were two couples at the table and they all found something to laugh about in the spilt beer. The girl strained to hear the conversation.

"Do you want me to get some more beer? I think we can drink a pitcher if we stay a little while longer. They make good sandwiches here." Waiting for an answer the man stood and grasped the back of the wooden chair.

"That would be fine. I think I would like that, yes a sandwich and some more beer." She smiled and looked at her drained beer glass tilted in her hand.

In minutes the man had returned with the cold beer and a roast beef sandwich. He poured her glass full before sitting down. Finally he sat down and put the sandwich between them.

"You know as I stood at the bar I started thinking about all these house plants in this place." He pointed to several large green hanging ferns on the walls and a large healthy looking split-leaf philodendron in one corner near the juke box. "Do you think those plants can stay healthy in all this smoke night after night? It seems like they would clog up and wither."

The girl had not noticed the plants in the darkness but now saw they hung from the walls like knots of shadow. The philodendron huddled in the corner. "Well, I have always had house plants and I would think the managers carry them out or something in the daytime to let them get sun and air." The girl hoped this would satisfy him and stop the conversation long enough for him to notice her beer glass was already empty.

The man filled his beer glass, then hers, and took a bite of the sandwich. "That philodendron is so large maybe it doesn't need very much light. In the jungle I think they grow in the shade of larger trees. Maybe it can stand this smoke and darkness."

At the table where the beer had been spilt the people prepared to leave. The men got up and the girl

who had wet pants from the beer took one more swipe at the wet spot with a dull, wet napkin. The four of them were still laughing about the beer or some other incident that had happened since then. These people were sitting right next to the philodendron.

The girl started noticing that she found it funny that the man had talked so much about the plants, and that, along with the beer, made her feel like moving closer to the man. She slid her chair a little closer and picked a large potato chip from the almost empty sandwich plate. Only the orange wedge remained intact; it floated like a small boat in the potato chips. "I wonder if anyone ever spills or pours beer into that philodendron. You know, like in an old Marx Brothers movie. Could that be why it stays so healthy?" The girl smiled as she asked this. The man loosened his nervous grasp of his beer glass and laughed out loud.

A Discovery

W. D. Dill

A Discovery *is a result of the campus minister failing to stop while caught speeding through the campus.*

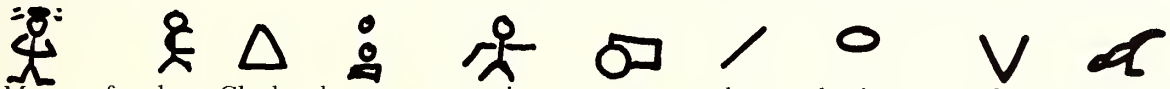
TO YE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I, W.D. Dill, while digging near the Broad River near Chesnee, S.C. last week uncovered some 2,000 year old parchments. I have reason to think that these parchments, now called the Broad River Scrolls, pre-date the Dead Sea Scrolls. I am still in the process of translating them. Below is a small part of this old, wise work.

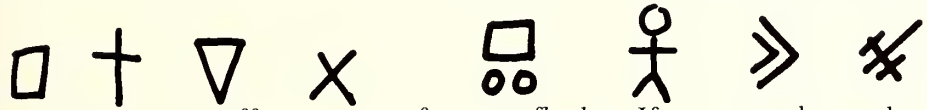
> ALL YE OF THE CLOTH, BE YE CAREFUL THAT YE IN YOUR SWIFT CHARIOT NOT INJURE ANY OF MY FLOCK. AND IF ANY MEMBER OF THE CLOTH BE SEEN MOVING SWIFTLY BY THE GUARDS OF THE TEMPLE OF HIGH LEARNING . . . LET COINS BE RENDERED FROM HIS PURSE AND PUT IN THE CHEST OF THE TEMPLE OF HIGHER LEARNING. HARK ALL YE MEN OF THE CLOTH, OBSERVE THE FIRE OF RED AND STOP THOU CHARIOT, AND WHEN AN UNSEEN FORCE CAUSES THE FIRE TO BECOME GREEN, THEN YE PROCEED AND DRIVE THEE SLOWLY THROUGH THE FLOCK, LEST COINS BE RENDERED FROM THOU PURSE!

I do not claim the Broad River SCROLLS to be HOLY, but every time I sit down to read them a SILVER HALO appears around my head.

P.S. This translation is costing me a lot of money. I am prepared to receive donations (no checks please).



Ye Men of the Cloth be ye certain to rest thou chariot at the fire light of red



lest ye cause to suffer one of my flock. If a guard seeth thee

not rest Thouest shall render coins unto the Place of Higher Learning.

Woe be unto ye Men of the Cloth who swiftly driveth . . . .

Copy of Actual find!

Scraps From You

John Lane

You drag me along with your words
Like a shrimp boat dragging a knot of gulls
Across a cloudy canvas sea.
The birds hang near the wet deck
And recover the fishing scraps,
The net's debris.

I hang on this dune and wait for evening
To drop me into the cool and blowing darkness.
Watching closely as the boats plow
The half mile on the front beach—
Seeing the gulls circle and fall.

Later, the ocean retreats down the beach
In a dark early morning tide.

Unable to sleep we pull our sleeping bags
Close and talk.
I wait for the hidden scraps of words
That come easily from you in the deserted
Darkness and cold.

The Congested Districts

Dennis Dooley

West of the Shannon
Cromwell's country:
No tree to hang
Nor earth enough to bury
Though, sure God, water
If only the damned soft rain.
A rockery of hungry souls.

A place of male despair
And woman's duty.
Careless in the dark
Warmth of female flesh,
The awful need
To inflict seed deep
Amid these hungry acres.

Games

Les McMillan

While everyone else is trivially playing Jacks
or Monopoly– we'll play Russian Roulette–
ostentatiously. I have a lot of serious games
to play and some unused condoms. I'll dangle my
gilt morsels above your head– begging you to bare
your soul– but will I bare mine? No, it costs
too much. About $1.89– that's what I paid for
the condoms. I have my quotes all ready and the
"original proper perceptive things to say"– the
amenities of the iconoclast artist. I'll tell
you of my pains abstractly– talking of the general
human condition– I'll never concretize. And all
along you'll be thinking "There's something sinister
there." I have to win in the patterned games–
I cannot risk winning by throwing in the towel
out of control grace being used by God.

PHOTOGRAPH

Rudy Williams

And Its Glorification– The Mite

M.T. Jackson III

Diminutive soul and such a small size
A breath of the wind can bring your demise.
Scarcely a fragment of life: an existence
Against mere insignificance it offers resistance.

One of the smallest morsels of the chain
Devoured, a sacrifice, nothing will remain.
The honorable mite, so delicate, so brief
Only nature ponders its passing with grief.
There is no tribute, no monument found,
No glass temple or carved stone on the ground.
This minute vessel from which life must pour
A complete overflowing, what could give more?

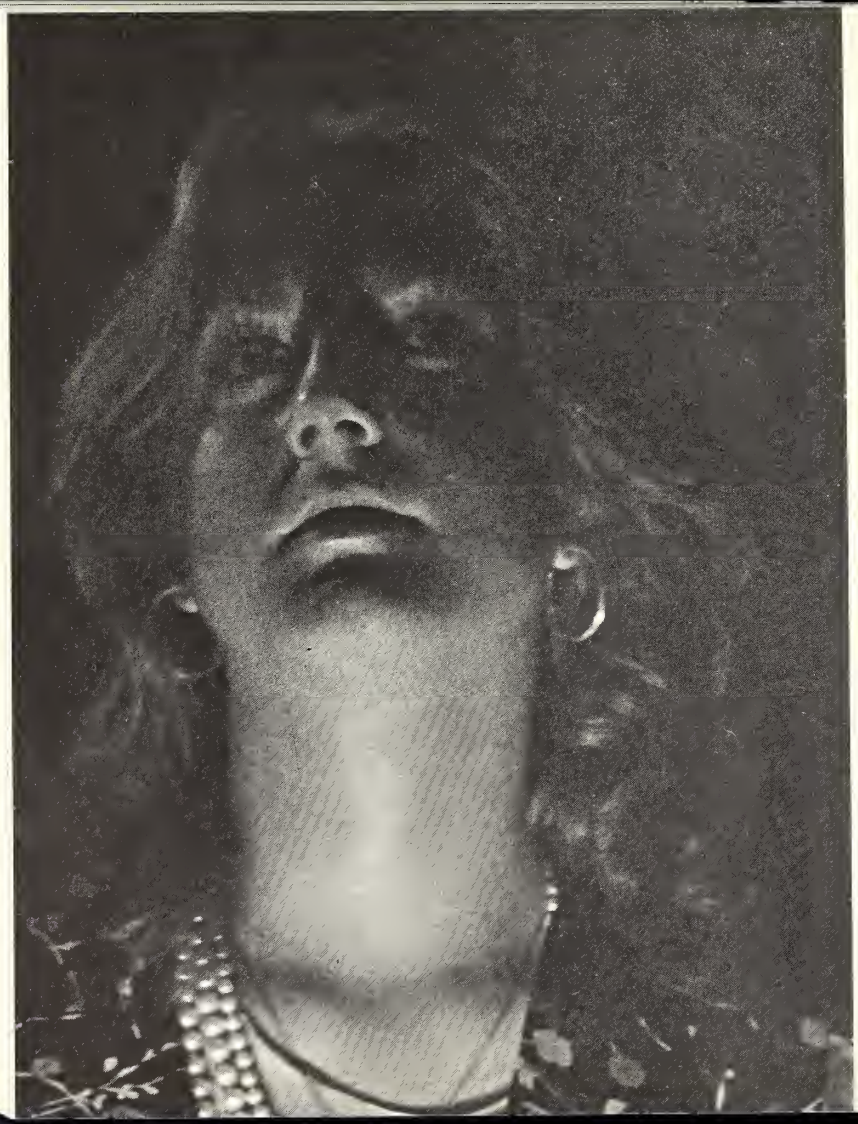
Ghosts

Les McMillan

The evangelist extends the bible saliently
with a grin.
People swallow his words like piranhas
engulfing meat.
I spit our the vapid crackers and the
hot grape juice and leave, calling grace a nostrum.
But in the anteroom I flounder at the
boundary of the cold.
Walking past closed bookstores, closed
theatres and bars,
Lukewarm; I am spewed out;
Disgruntled, writhing like a bug
On the sidewalk in the saliva
That gives water to weeds.
Entering a condemned house,
I hear an out of tune piano
Playing an air by John Cage.
Standing in dusty shadows, under a
tinkling gaudy chandalier, I see
ghosts come from rooms and dance
around me.

PHOTOGRAPH

Rudy Williams



PHOTOGRAPH

Randy Tolbert

Poem

Mike Turner

Are
You deep,
Or are you still
Chasing images
Of the reflections
In the
Mirror?

MAR 1977

the journal

"Bud's Place"

Grant T. Chittenden 1975

Pastoral

Dennis Dooley

A pair of sparrows have nested in the eaves
And now they sport amid the green of June.
He advances through grass breast high,
A loud skirmisher surprising none.
Quiet and decorous, she follows,
Ambushing as her mate's chirps fade.
Their young require much.

To Community

WOFFORD COLLEGE

INTAMINATIS FULGET HONORIBUS

A. D. 1854

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

the journal

Wofford's Literary Magazine
Volume LXXXVIII: Number Two
March, 1977

Jim Hackney, Editor
Terry Rosenberg, Assistant Editor

Since 1889

THE JOURNAL is published during the academic year by the students of Wofford College, Spartanburg, South Carolina. The magazine is supervised financially by the Wofford College Publications Board. All inquiries should be addressed to *The Journal*, P.O. Box 141, Wofford College, Spartanburg, South Carolina 29301.

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The poem on the inside front cover is by Dennis Dooley.
The poem on the inside back cover is by "H. K."

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The Journal *wishes to thank the many persons that have responded to the first number. I hope this issue is received just as well. Thanks go out to Mr. Herbert Hucks of the college archives for helping locate the article by Louis B. Wright; to Lee Holroyd for the professional job; and Terry Rosenberg for working while trying to fight off scarlet fever-which is very Victorian indeed!*

Designed by JRHjr.

Announcing

THE TWENTIETH HELMUS POETRY CONTEST--1977

1976 Winners- *First Place: John Lane*
Second Place: Les McMillan
Third Place: Jimmy Smith

Elegibility- *Any student registered at Wofford during the 1976-77 session is eligible.*
Number of Entries- *Not more than five poems may be submitted by any one contestant.*

How to Enter- *1. Each poem should be on a separate sheet of paper, together with a title, but without the name of the author.*
2. On a separate sheet should appear the author's name together with the title(s) of the poem(s).
3. The poem or poems, together with the title and author sheet, should be mailed or handed to:

Helmus Poetry Contest
Prof. Ed Minus (330 Main, P. O. Box 43)

Prizes- *First prize- $25.00*
Second prize- $ 15.00
Third prize- $ 10.00

Deadline- *All entries must be received no later than* midnight, *21 March 1977.*
Judges- *Judges will be selected from the Wofford College Faculty.*

Notes on Prizes- *No student may win more than one prize.*
Special Note on Entries- *Students may submit any unpublished poem, regardless of when it was written, and any poem published in* The Journal *during the present academic year.*
Note On Publication- *Announcement of the winners will appear in the* Old Gold and Black *as soon as the judges have made their decision. The winning poems will be published in the final issue of* The Journal.

Silkscreen
Jim Ross

ATLANTA: Dejeuner dans le ciel

Ed Minus

Having lunched on crab Louis and lost at roulette,
We'll go down in an egg-shaped glass bubble that breaks.
You've travelled backwards, the future reflection;
I've only been able to preview the past:
The highway from home, the Dipper, the strip,
The beautiful Nelson Head Motel—
A view mostly roofscape, then foothills, then sky.
You and the height gave it savor.

You and the height and the music; the whiskey,
The sun, and the physics of the ineluctable spin.

Here comes our ambrosia. I wish it could last.
But beneath the billboard that says "God's Alive!"
Is that hell where the Mole sells ax handles.
We'll go down in an egg-shaped glass bubble that breaks.

Leveling the Dunes

 John Lane

When the bulldozers came three days ago to start leveling the dunes across from my apartment, I started throwing small rocks at them from the front porch. It didn't work. The bulldozers are still leveling and the rocks never make it farther than the road between us.

Mrs. Jorgenson lives above me. It is really her front steps I sit on when I throw the rocks. I rent the apartment below her house, a walkdown apartment, three brick steps and a swing-in door. Some doors open out but that would be a real problem in a basement apartment, so they built it this way. (I don't know who "they" are, but Mrs. Jorgenson speaks of them often, "They put the screen on this porch crooked, and the flies get in" or "They didn't waterproof our house until after we built your apartment, so keep an eye out for leaks.")

Mrs. Jorgenson has arthritis and walks at night. Her husband is dead so she rents to me for "security purposes," as she so flatly puts it. That is why she keeps me up at night--security purposes. She is watering the grass in the front yard. It needs cutting again. Cutting the grass is one of the things I do around her house. She is staring again. I am looking at the small pile of rocks in my hand to see which one I will throw at the bulldozers first. I choose one and throw it limply in the general direction of the noise. The bulldozers moan in defiance.

"Why do you do that. Why do you sit and throw rocks at those men?" The water flops from the hose and wets the ground in front of her. "It seems like you would do something else during the day. Why don't you like those men leveling the dunes? Soon we'll be able to see the ocean every morning."

Two more stones go in the direction of the bulldozers. Through one flattened path in the dunes we can see a small patch of sea. The yellow of a bulldozer fills it every few seconds.

Mrs. Jorgenson has worn the same pair of old canvas shoes every day since I moved in eight months ago. They are patterned with small flowers and have a hole in the side for her corn to hang out of. When the grass has just been mowed, the shoes have a green ring around them, and her corn looks like a small unopened flower bud. Today they are clean, and her corn shines like a small, white knob set in the shoe's side.

"You know, Mrs. Jorgenson, you are probably right, I should do something else, but I just can't leave these bulldozers with no one to watch them. They just might take your whole yard, grass, bushes, fence, and even that green hose you're holding. You can't trust 'em, Mrs. Jorgenson. You can't trust them any further than you can see 'em."

She looked at the hose and then at the bulldozers moving in the dust across the road. The water splashed on her foot as it pooled in front of her. She shook her head, as if to try to jar a stuck clog and turned to face me.

"You just don't make any sense sometimes. I just don't know about you. They know what they're doing with those machines. We had one fix our driveway."

On a nearby light pole two seagulls have landed and eye each rock as it sails toward the street. Any minute one will swoop down and grab a rock before it hits the tar and gravel. It has happened every day. Maybe they will learn soon that these are rocks, or maybe the gulls from the following day go off and die and cannot warn the rest of the birds. I don't think so, though. Crocodiles swallow tin cans and even broken paddles, so I guess seagulls can take a few rocks. Mrs. Jorgenson hates the gulls and says they spread disease. She is not sure which disease but thinks they are polio and colic. Her bird feeder is always covered with grackles and starlings, and she sits for hours and watches them. She swats the gulls with a broom when they land near the feeder. She does not know that gulls don't eat bird feed. All the birds fly, and the yard looks like a trash heap full of wind-blown crepe paper.

"Mrs. Jorgenson, you never believe me. I told you once before that I have worked with bulldozers. I know what they will do if they have a chance. They have a mind of their own; the drivers can't control them. I saw one sent out to clear a vacant lot once, and when the dust finally cleared the whole neighborhood was leveled. I've worked with 'em, Mrs. Jorgenson."

She now has the water off and the hose all circled around the portable gardenhose caddy. It is getting near quitting time and the men stop the bulldozers and climb down from them. They are laughing and taking off their heavy work-gloves. Mrs. Jorgenson takes off her gloves and tucks them in the pocket of her tan jacket. She looks at me and does not say another word. She heads around to the back of the house to check the level of the seed in her feeder. The birds usually come in the early morning and the late evening. I get up and go inside, down into my small apartment. In less than an hour, Ana will come to spend the night.

****

The old turntable is working its way through Jackson Browne's "The Pretender," and Ana is peeling a grapefruit and sitting on the edge of the kitchen table. She has no

clothes on. It is nine o'clock at night. She has peeled the fruit from one end to the other and the skin comes off in one piece. "Will you look at this, Jack, a perfect spiral! That means you would have to peel a sunburst to top it." So goes a game we have been playing for two nights. It is called "Who can get the fanciest peel from their grapefruit?" I stand at the sink and work at mixing daiquiris. We have used five fresh grapefruits already tonight. Jackson sings in the background, "While the veterans dream of the fight, fast asleep at the traffic light, and the children solemnly wait for the ice cream vendor. Are you there, say a prayer for the pretender." I am humming along when I don't know the words. Ana brought the album with her tonight. I finally speak, "That sunburst I peeled last night had your spiral beat hands down." Ana smiles and starts on another grapefruit. She peels this one halfway and folds the skin back. "You know, in Russia lovers give each other oranges peeled back like this. They look kinda like a flower. I guess a grapefruit would be even better." She hands me the half-peeled grapefruit. I turn and smile, "Yeh, I guess a tangerine would be a real insult."

I had met Ana two days ago in a book store. She was working at the sales desk. I had come into town to see if I could find any books on seagulls. I was going to try to convince Mrs. Jorgenson that seagulls don't carry polio or colic. Ana had attracted me from the start; her brown hair was pulled away from her face by a hairband. The last time I had seen a hairband was in high school, but it looked good on her. She was small all over and wore her blouse unbuttoned one button less than most girls. We started talking and went out later for a beer. I spent that night at her place. When we came in, her roommate was on the couch watching T.V. and peeling a grapefruit. That is how we started our game. I never found that book on seagulls so I made up some book with a funny name to tell Mrs. Jorgenson about.

It is now after midnight, and Ana is asleep beside me. My head is still spinning from the drinks we had. I get up and go to my front window and look out. In the bright moonlight I can see the shine of one of the bulldozers. It hasn't moved from where the men left it this afternoon. Ana moans, and I go back to bed. She is half awake now. "Jack, what is that noise? It sounds like someone walking."

"Go back to sleep. It's just Mrs. Jorgenson walking around upstairs. She has arthritis."

"Why is she stomping around so much. It sounds like she's trying to make noise. Does she do this every night?"

"Some nights it's worse than others. She has a reason tonight."

"Why? Why is she stomping around so much? Does she go to the doctor for that arthritis? My mother had it and wore a copper bracelet."

"They are leveling the dunes; that's why she's walking. She's afraid some bulldozer is going to run over her garden hose or something. I'm not completely sure why. It has something to do with seagulls also."

"Are you sure you're awake? You don't make any sense."

"Just wait, Ana. You'll understand when you can see the ocean one morning from the front window."

"You still don't make any sense. I think we should peel less grapefruit from now on."

Above their heads two feet walked to the front door and stood for several seconds and then began to walk about again.

Poem

Greg Fowler

Monday Morning
With blahs and red stoplights
Cornflakes without sugar
and blurry-eyed stumble
A silent mumble
"Must watch step,
Yes,
Next time must."

Men's Voyage

Chuck Whittington

The ship drags across the waves
Breaking a path heading for shore
The gray hull bounces
With the touch of every blow

The evening sky drab
With an angry wind
Swirling above us
"Homeward," my fellow mates command
Only fade in their foggy breath

With tired bones
I lean on the bow gates
And challenge the mighty sea
The ocean ignores my threat
But no matter
I have no despair
For any challenge before me

Enervation

Peter Harvin

The surface: stone
Or motile wax personae.

I thought we had gotten past this;
I prayed we had gotten past this.

For ages we grasped at the moon;
Only to reach it,
And find it stone
And dust.

Moonlight still shines down
On leaves blown by an autumn wind,
On wax figures congealing in the cold.

The Human Ideal
Cire-Perdue Perfection

M.T. Jackson, III

It stood at the center of the quiet gallery,
    A masterpiece.
A magnificent creation of the human form.

The bronze was tinted with a deep, brown patina.
    It stood,
As a powerful statue reaching outward.

It was a colossal image of man, beautifully proportioned,
    An achievement.
The body in its finest youth and vitality.

The legs were massive, never-tiring pedestals.
    The foundations
Lifting the rest with perpetual fortitude.

The arms were long and sculpted of strength,
    Perfectly shaped.
Capable of seizing and crushing.

A broad chest crowned by a giant's shoulders
    Awesomely brazen.
A work of enormous physical stature.

The head was fashioned with noble grace,
    Complete dignity,
Stern features gazing downward to the worshipers.

This was a master dipicting forcefulness,
    An idol.
Immensely gifted with physical grace

As all stood humbled before it,
    A child
Ventured forth unto its presence.

Beneath its title "The Human Ideal" its leg
    She tapped
And the sound reverberated through it's hollow core.

Viewing the Manatees

14 John Lane

Canoes and small powerboats
break and furrow a surface,
but ahead on the water

there are broad swirls.
Wintering manatees

with their flat, snorkeling snouts
disappear as the boat passes them.

We dive and see
these are beasts that float
in less than water.

What else could explain it?
No puppet strings hold

their comic mass suspended
in the clearness and filtered light.
Slightly out of reach a manatee bobs,
a blimp, the Hindenburg
with flippers and a cow-like mouth!

And how do the females act?
Openly interested they nudge close,
nothing but water between us now,

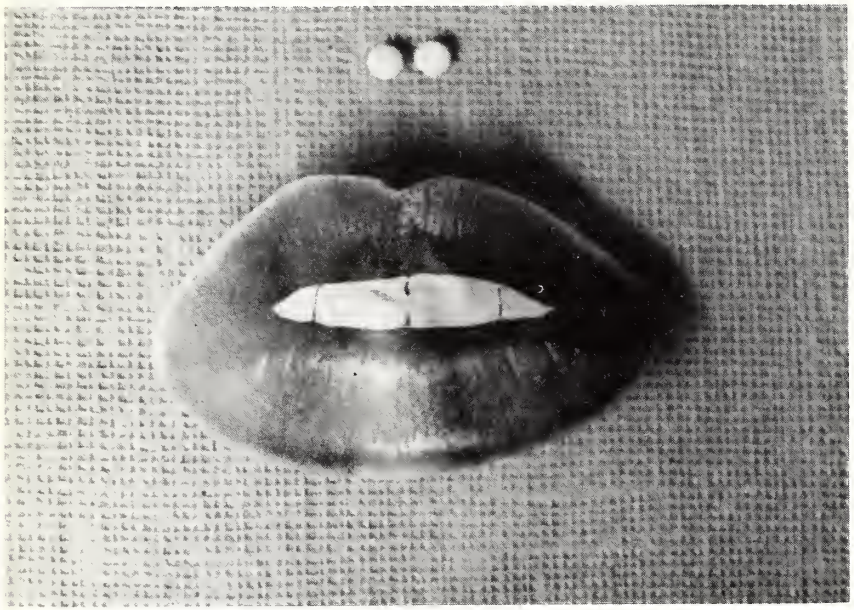
and want to dance some slow, bloated waltz.

Or hover to be examined, prodded,
admired for their smooth bulk.
The males? They glide up behind

and glance, nervous-eyed,
over one of your shoulders,

then spook, dropping quick as a stone
into the bottom water weeds.

Photogr
Mark Y



Photograph
Kevin Griggs

Ruler

Peter Harvin

I.

We buried Plutides
With coins over his staring eyes.
The priest moved in patterns
Old and nonoured and sacred
And... fearful;
We hoped he wouldn't rise again.

II.

Mechanos *moving,*
Rumbling, thudding like a heartbeat,
Pulsing like the bowels,
Producing,
Accounting for,
Devouring,
Specie.
Mechanos *rising,*
Like a steel penis,
Surging ot the rhythm of a primitive dance,
Climaxless.

III.

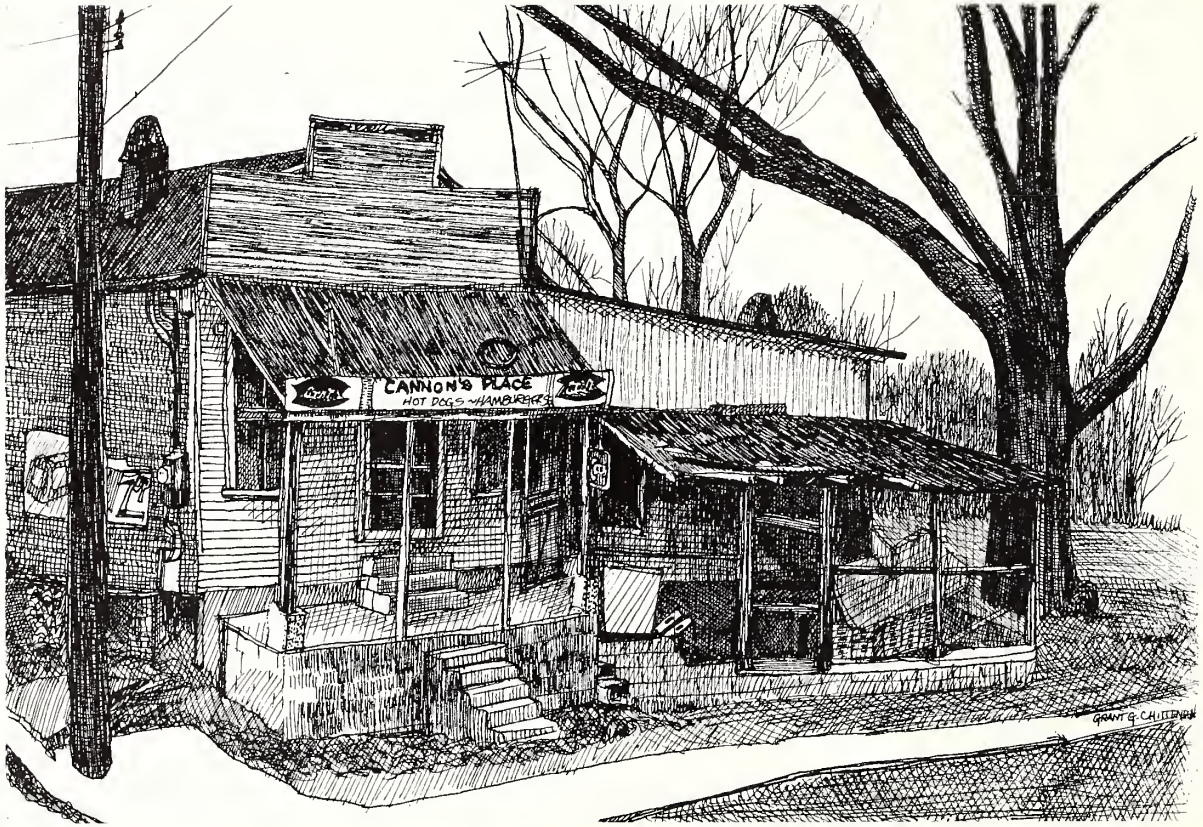
We exumed Plutides
(That Greek bastard son)
The worms hadn't touched him.
The priest was in his church
Praying, muttering,
Staring at his collection with glassy eyes.
The corpse was grinning.

Swimming In The Spring At An Abandoned Quarry

Les McMillan

I watch the receding penumbra where
The headlights mow the darkness
Down this narrow white highway.
I take my hat off because it will blow off
At this speed; finitude and time lost
Somewhere in the phantasmagoria of
White houses, split rail, barbed wire and blue trees.
Turning left at "Continental Can" and right at
A green sign reading "Side Trip C.S. 120,"
I pass a fenced-in graveyard with sweating stones
And park the car on broken, weed-split train rails
In front of a rusted, ineffectual gate.
Past rusted implements and tall cones of grey sand,
Around an annoyingly tangled clump of trees,

There is a great hole.
Granite at the base of cliffs which rise
Into mottled browns crowned with pines.
Paleolithic or somewhere else in the galaxy.
The sound of birds, crickets and frogs
Are amplified and echoed,
Reminding me of electronic music.
The niveous reflection of the moonlit sky
Stops at the spilled India Ink of the
Mirrored cliffs and trees.
I take off my clothes and walk into the water,
Bumping my knees on the submerged granite,
Before I can dive deep like a coot.



Cannon's Place

Pen and Ink Drawing
Grant Chittenden

After Hearing of Carter's Pardon Of Draft Evaders

John Lane

There is a whiteness that blinds-
a darkness there as well,
like deep set eyes behind
dark curtains faked by sunlight.

It leaves men sitting
in rage, talking aloud,
with morning papers beside them
in small all-night coffee shops,

working men who claim
to have seen their own sons'
eyes thumbed shut
in that same war.

The waitress nods in agreement-
she knows those sons,
their dated deaths bloody
with details,
but sees the others moving,

soaking like a dark shadow
into small towns across America.
Beyond her they wait with a tensing
of hands growing old quickly,
like a season.

Louis B. Wright
Pencil Drawing
Lee Holroyd

Louis B. Wright

Louis Booker Wright, a 1920 graduate of Wofford College and director of the Folger Shakespeare Library from 1948 until 1968, is the recipient of the 1976 Phi Beta Kappa Award for Distinguished Service to the Humanities, which was presented to Dr. Wright at a celebration marking the two-hundredth anniversary of the organization. A native of Greenwood County, Dr. Wright received the A.M. and Ph.D. degrees from the University of North Carolina. He was awarded the Doctor of Literature from Wofford College in 1941, and he holds twenty-eight other honorary degrees. Dr. Wright studied in England and Italy under a Guggenheim research fellowship and was a member of the research staff of Huntington Library from 1932 until 1948. He was a consultant for Xerox — University Microfilms from 1968 until 1971. Currently an historical consultant to the National Geographic Society, Dr. Wright served as chairman of the board of the Guggenheim Foundation from 1950 until 1971. He is a life trustee of the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust at Stratford-on-Avon.

His most recent publication is South Carolina: A Bicentennial History (1976). In recognition of Dr. Wright's accomplishments, The Journal is reprinting his first publication, "Company 'U' Yarns: The Silent Sergeant's Story," which appeared in the April, 1919 issue of The Wofford College Journal. Student Wright received the Journal Award for Excellence in Prose Writing.

COMPANY "U" YARNS:
The Silent Sergeant's Story

Louis B. Wright

It was a Saturday night in the early fall of 1918. A few of us had gathered around the Fourth Platoon stove, in the rear end of Company "U" barracks, to smoke and growl over the hard luck of not having a pass to leave the post. Tonight we were especially gloomy. Orders had just been received at Headquarters Officers' Training Corps, Plattsburg Barracks, N.Y., that the camp should continue on its present status and that student officers should continue their intensive training for another period of two months. Need I say why we were disappointed? Visions of leather puttees and ten days' leave faded into the hazy future.

Outside, nature herself seemed in league with the War Department to make a dismal night of it for us. The wind was blowing a gale from out of the Green Mountains across Lake Champlain, and the usually placid surface of the lake was being whipped into a seething mass of wild waste, which thundered on the rocky shore within a stone's throw of Company "U." A cold, drizzling rain was beginning to whip in at the open windows.

Only five men, besides the orderly, were left in quarters. The others either had week-end passes or had midnight leave and were seeing the attractions of Plattsburg, a dreamy little town of quaint old houses and peculiar French names.

The five of us sat around the glowing wood stove in silence, each the nurse of his own thoughts. We were all college men from widely separated parts of the country. "Shorty" Wall, a stubby, good-humored Virginian, somewhat of a philosopher, with large rimmed spectacles and a briar pipe of Herculean strength, was from Hampden-Sidney. Ferdinand Delapenha, a slim, dark-skinned, cynical chap of Spanish birth, was from Harvard; Bill Howard, the burly Pittsburg tackle, and I were the only other privates present.

The other member of the group was our platoon sergeant, a man older than the rest, named Harold Holt. Before enlisting, he had been a coach at Yale. He was known to have traveled extensively, and could speak French and German fluently if an occasion offered itself. Holt was tall and muscular, with a thick thatch of brown hair and glittering black eyes, which flashed fire when aroused. His jaws had a way of setting like steel traps when training was hardest and bayonet work most strenuous. A peculiar red scar over his right eye had aroused our curiosity, but no one had dared ask him about it, and, of course, he never told us; in fact, silence, almost a morose reticence, was the predominating characteristic of Sergeant Holt, who rarely spoke except to give commands.

As Holt blew rings of blue cigarette smoke that night, the stern set of his jaw seemed to relax a little and several times he seemed on the verge of speaking.

The silence was broken by "Snorty": "I don't see why I didn't hear from my girl today," he growled. "Guess some other fellow is loving her now."

We laughed. Holt smiled sarcastically.

"What business has a fellow with a girl in this man's army, when he can't even get a pass on Saturday night?" complained Delapenha.

The sergeant thumped his cigarette in the stove and surprisded us by joining in the conversation.

"Better get that girl idea out of your system, Wall. Do you think any girl will wait for you till we lick the Boche? Hardly!" he sneered. "The first chap that blows into town with a pleasing personality, a smooth tongue and pompadour-- then, good-bye, my dear!"

Now that he had started talking, he seemed to gather momentum.

"Do you suppose I would still be merely in a training camp if it hadn't been for a woman? Why did I have to endure the reputation of being a slacker?"

He hesitated, as if considering whether or not to say anymore.

"Well, after I finished school, I determined to see the world and have my time. From Paris to Tokyo I blew in my father's money, until finally tiring of knocking about, I drifted into Honolulu in March, 1914, and settled down to a life of clubs, dances, surf and all that goes to make life lively there. Everything would have been well if I hadn't had the ill-luck to meet a girl."

The sergeant, flushed with having said so much, stopped to light another cigarette. Outside, the wind, whistling around the corner of the barracks with rising fierceness, blew smoke down the stove pipe.

"Yes, I was fool enough to think she was 'Queen of Hearts.' I had traveled a lot and lived in gay Paris, but I had never thought I would really love any woman. Her name was Marie Sinclair. She was one of those black-haired, brown-eyed beauties, with a soft, liquid voice, and lips-- oh, boy!-- the kind that men have fought over since creation. Her father was some sort of geology bug, studying the volcanic formations, he said, and she was very often alone at their fashionable apartments in one of the suburbs, while the old man was off on some geology expedition.

"Oh, well. No use to go into details; we were the talk of the town-- 'the stunning Miss Sinclair and that wealthy young Holt.' Miss Sinclair, my Stutz roadster and I went

the rounds of all the dances, dinners and surf parties together. Boys, I had it bad!

"The news of the great war dropped like one of those F-1 grenades among my set. Feeling was divided at the Pacific Club. After the news of Belgium's invasion, several of my adventurous cronies sailed for Australia, where they joined the Anzacs. I was as anxious to go as any of them, as I then looked on war as rather a lark. Finally, one of my pals and I decided to join the Canadians, and had made arrangements to sail for Vancouver in a couple of weeks. We hadn't let it be known that we were going, and intended to surprise our friends.

"Of course, I had to tell Marie. We had motored out to Waikiki Beach late one evening to a dance, and had walked up a deserted stretch of beach to watch the moon rise out of the Pacific.

"I started to explain my plans, when she interrupted, 'You fight against Germany?' She gave me a hard look, but all at once her attitude changed. She threw her arms around my neck, and begged me not to go. Could I refuse? Those pleading eyes and that moonlight finished me. I promised that I wouldn't."

From out in the lake the wild, eerie laugh of a loon was answered by the futile howl of the gale. Holt nervously thumped the ashes from his cigarette and continued:

"The next day a German steamer dropped anchor in the harbor and was interned. Officers and passengers were allowed free shore leave, and then my troubles began. A young Prussian reservist lieutenant, named Freidrich Scholze, forced his way into the best set there; for at that time, October, 1914, there were quite a few who openly sympathized with Germany and did all they could to give the interned officers a good time. Many social functions were given in their honor. I met Scholze at a dinner, and noticed that he seemed to be very friendly with Marie. He was a handsome, haughty blonde, with all the arrogance of his class, but he seemed to have a strange fascination for Marie.

"On the night of October the 15th, I was trying out a new car in Kapriolani Park, when I broke a gas pipe and started to walk in. I thought I heard voices under a large koa tree in front of me, and as I drew nearer what did I see? That damned German swine, with his arms around my Marie, kissing her passionately. My foot turned on a pebble. Scholze dropped his hands and snarled, 'Eavesdropping, it seems.' I drove a smalll wrench I had brought from the car straight at him. He ducked and fired at close range, the bullet grazing my skull just over my right eye. When I

recovered consciousness I was being helped out of Schoze's car by the porter at my hotel. Marie didn't seem the least concerned over my condition. The next day I received a not from Schulze saying that if I cared to make a fuss about the incident of the night before, why of course he would be forced to prosecute me for assault and battery, and that Miss Sinclair was ready to testify against me. One week later I sailed for 'Frisco. If that eye had passed the medical officer's examination I'd have been in the service long ago. Only three months ago did I pass for active service. Maybe I'll meet Friedrich Scholze some day, and then"--his eyes flashed--"he'll have one --or more-- widows to mourn him."

The fire had died out. Between the gusts, we heard the bugle sounding "taps" from regimental headquarters. Sergeant Harold Holt's jaw shut and he snapped:

"Every man on his own bunk. Lights out in five minutes. Shake a leg, there!"

Ospreys

John Lane

No, I do not fear for these
fish eaters who pile nests

on top of power poles.

They may well thrive
as long as their speckled eggs

grow thick enough to hatch,
and fish leap, throwing

needled sunlight towards
shore from the flat sea.

Photograph
David Scott

Forget-Me-Not

 Kathy Thomas

How can you stay with me constantly?
You clutter my mind with violet-blue
Bouquets of your eternal presence.
You beckon to me;
I am lured by your incensive sweetness.
As I sight you,
I desire you,
And as I gently remove your velvety robe,
I find--
(Desperately, I cry!)
--That you eternally crowd my mind,
Not with your siren brilliance,
But a mournful dampness
And a dark, cold death.

Poem

Greg Fowler

To do
What others are doing;
To belong. . .
Arising to play
With the reachable butterfly.
A mental cry
To touch it.
Then, the child
Was heard to scream,
"It hates me!"
Fluttering off to heaven.

God knows what the liberated likes
Would say at the sight of them:
The old ones queued at the spirits and
Tobacco counter of Super Quinn's
Furtively purchasing twenty Carrolls
And a Baby Powers, which, shy,
They slyly stuff into shopping sacks.

Crone-hunched in crow black,
They are liberated at last:
Freed of the old fella's pintsy passion,
"Aw, com'on, luv, give us a touch."
Pestered if they don't, poled if they do.
Good riddance that and its reward,
Runny noses, croup and measles.

So the merry widows, secured by reward
Of a monthly cheque, freed at last
To confess at ease, gayly gossip,
And nightly watch the tele in peace.
Free of the old goat and brats' tears,
Alone at last to smoke a fag,
Have a few jars and hope to sleep.

[A "shawleen" is an elderly woman, usually a widow; "twenty Carrolls" is a packet of Irish cigarettes; a "Baby Powers" is a pint bottle of Powers Whiskey; a "fag" is a cigarette; and a "jar" is a glass of whiskey, Ed.]

Photograph
David Scott

Talking Cape Hatteras Residential Blues

Andy Pickens

A red near-sunset sky aglow
Bathes this ending stretch of road-
From Kitty Hawk to Hatteras
And on to where the ferrys go.

"Look down here," she said from this dune,
"To landward side," and a lowland flood-
I saw a log where lizards lay gazing, content,
At a newborn gull, bereft in the mud;

The water glimmered 'round a shadow askew,
Casting amber shades and ocean blue-
And a carrion crow found its perch anew
On a ravaged post set leaning:

Eye-level clear, the lighthouse lit up shadows in a yellow veil.
As two waters met, the plain dropped 'neath an ocean swell.
I heard the crashing of waves, intent, and a mourning sea gull's bay:
Sea-sound assured and another, less heard,
Wavering for the wind to sway.

"And if you gotta go, then do," she said,
"But sure-foot, slow-skirt that plain below,
"Where the ties that bind, Atropos cuts, and that post is forever leaning-
"And that less-heard sound you will always know-
"Awash in the floodwaters teeming."

Advice On Viewing Leprechauns

Professor Grope

Anyone can see a leprechaun.
Just make one laugh, and the sound
tells you where to look.
But, of course, you must be in Ireland.

That is where leprechauns laugh.
Find a place among the green hills of Donegal,
where two stone walls meet in a sharp corner.
Cup hands and shout into the sea wind, "I believe!
I believe!" for so you will.
This is what makes them laugh,
and tells you where to look.

Leprechauns are easy to find in Kerry.
Pick a day, June-bright, when the lakes
are brittle, broken in many blues.
Clouds must be in layers, white on top
with sweeps of gray and violet below.
Stalk softly through the forest and rhododendrons
in a darkly shadowed glen on the south flank of
MacGillycuddy's Reeks, or below the Purple Mountain.
Hiss-whisper your faith, "I believe!
I believe a leprechaun is near!"
Look sharply, the green-brown gloom will be
broken with flashes of white.
Gleaming teeth will reflect disembodied grins
to let you know they are there.

Caution. It is true enough that these
little people lend great thoughts to poets,
But, if they choose, they can rob all trust in
reason, with equal ease.

I saw my first leprechaun in County Mayo.
He sat within a roadside hedge,
partially shadowed by a rotting tree.
A feathery green plum on his cap,
tossed me windy welcome.
We were almost close enough to touch,
when suddenly–
He turned into a weed.

Pluck the trophy? Murderous thought!
No, be sly.
"Too bad you're rotted there,
when I'm buy'n at O'Fair's
to celebrate the occasion."

Immediately,
a great tree limb broke free
and crashed to the ground,
with a liquid sound.

"Slauncha!"
It was the Gaelic toast, slainte.

Translate:
Learn the language, if you wish--
To drink with leprechauns.

Photograph
David Scott

Waiting For April

32 Les McMillan

Yesterday, when I was waiting for April, I wanted to let my mind meander pleasantly like it did when I was a kid but I could only think about pleasant things if I made some effort. When I relaxed my mind became only uncomfortably desultory.

April was wearing a new light blue tennis dress that revealed her back. She is getting too fat. A few months ago she looked perfect. In high school she was almost emaciated. I wondered how she could hit a tennis ball so well. It was her balance and form I guess; tennis is so much like a dance.

Sometimes I have to let up in order to get good rallies going with April. But for some reason-- maybe it was because I had not played in a while-- I could hit about as hard as I wanted to and she would usually retrieve the shot. I was glad of this; sometimes I feel I'm giving her all the practice without getting any myself.

She was ahead 3-1 but I came back and beat her 6-3. She has only beaten me about five times in her life. We've played hundreds of sets-- one third have been pretty close.

"Whew, I'm kinda tired," I said as I walked to the net post to pick up my keys and watch after the set was finished. I noticed the beads of sweat on April's forehead.

"I better go now," she said nicely.

"Why?" I asked. "I wanted to go get a drink."

"I just better. I'm worried about a Biology test."

"Oh come on, it must be more than that. What's wrong?"

"I'm just worried about my test. I made C's on the other two tests. I need to make an A on this one if I'm going to have any chance of getting an A for the term."

"I don't know. I don't know. I just can't empathize with what you're saying. I never worry about grades so much that I can't have a good time."

"What if I'm not having a good time? "

"Then go," I said, noticeably hurt.

"O.K., may I apologize?"

"Yeah, if you want to," I said grudgingly. "I don't see what good it will do. I kinda wanted to talk to you."

"About what?"

"Oh something. I can't go into it right away."

"You have to go through all your preliminaries."

I did not say anything as I put my Wilson cover on my Bancroft racket. I must have looked very perturbed because April sat down almost disgustedly, drawing her lips tightly together. She sat in a yoga position and I could see black pubic hairs along the edges of her frilly red panties. She saw me staring but didn't make any move to cover herself.

"I don't like not seeing you," I said abruptly and

seriously. Then after a moment I facetiously added, "I just can't live without you, April." She smiled coyly and looked down at the tennis court. I almost got jabbed in the groin with the net adjuster as I walked toward her and sat beside her.

"Look April," I began. "I like you, I really like you. Sometimes I can even say I love you. The thing is that I want to see you. I need to see you."

She still didn't say anything.

"What do you want?" I asked. "Just tell me what you want!"

"I don't know what I want," she answered.

"O.K.," I said. "I don't know either. But I do know I want to see you."

"See me?" she said sarcastically.

"Not as much as I want to," I said, pretending to look down her dress.

"Stop it," she said, stifling a giggle.

"You make things too black and white, Jim. You say its got to be this way or that."

"I do that because I don't want to hurt anybody. Do you want me to say that I'll commit myself to you when I don't feel like I should?"

"I'm not asking for commitment."

"Oh, well um," I began confusedly. "Well I thought that was what you wanted."

She said nothing and I put my arm around her and squeezed her shoulder that was a little greasy from perspiration.

"Let's walk over there and sit in the grass," I suggested.

"O.K.," she said. She had a queer look on her face; her brow and nose were wrinkled as if the sun were in her eyes.

We sat facing each other on a bank under an oak tree in the shade-cooled grass. I put my hands on her knees and she drew closer to me. I wanted to kiss her but I refrained.

"O.K., you say I make things too black and white. Let me explain why. I never really have, " I said and looked up at the sky. The clouds were drawing together, eliminating the blue. "I *don't* want to hurt anybody," I said slowly. "I've been hurt very badly before by a girl. I know how it is. I don't want to put anyone else through that torture. That's why I can't seduce or deceive. That's why I admit my *ambivalence* concerning my feelings. I'm not going to tell a girl I love her so that I can fuck her. So I tell you I think I love you sometimes and other times I don't

know. I know I want to make love to you but it's all up to *you*. It's your choice. So many girls want to be seduced so that they won't have to take the responsibility for the act. They want to put the blame on the guy or on something abstract like 'spontaneity' by *talking* about sex. I've been out with girls whose 'spontaneous sexual expression' was thwarted by the question 'Are you protected?' I'm not going to get a girl pregnant for the sake of spontanaity! I am so *sick* of spontanaity!"

"Calm down," April said.

"I'm calm, I'm calm," I said, knowing I wasn't. "I'm so damn tired of hearing people tell me to calm down, April. People in this world are so goddam sedate. They sit around and perhaps move to engage in a few stupid rituals to 'perpetuate society' and then sit down again. Oh well, um-- let me get back to what I was saying."

"I wish you would get to the point," April said.

"I'm trying to get to the point. I've got to go through these preliminaries. You've got to understand. Please be patient."

"O.K. I'll be patient," she said.

I cleared my throat and said, "I've got to have passion before commitment. With other people it's the other way around. They want to throw in the towel only after they're *sure*. Well, I don't see how anybody can be sure unless they know the person completely-- in the biblical sense and everything.

April smiled.

"Anyway," I continued. "I want to give myself wholeheartedly only as an *experiment*. I can give totally and get out if I don't feel it's right. But I don't think most girls can do that. That's why I spell things out so clearly. I don't want to hurt anybody."

"I don't see why you're so concerned with hurting people," April said.

"Well maybe it's presumptuous to think someone could be hurt over me. But I don't want to take any chances. I just can't do what that girl did to me. You know the story.

"But I have to have, uh. . . some kind of commitment before, um, as you say, *passion*. I can't go against my beliefs."

"You and your beliefs," I said mockingly. "You use to not be such a believer. You use to fuck anything that had a dick. Now that you're 'of the fold' you're gonna play Miss Chastity with me. I just don't understand. You fucked like a rabbit before and now won't make love to me. I think you care a lot more about me than you cared for any of those other bastards."

April began to cry. I put my arms around her and said "I'm sorry April. I didn't mean it--well I can't say that-- I guess I did mean it-- I wouldn't have said it if I didn't mean it."

She turned her head away from me and cried, "You have to say every goddam thing you feel. You are so fucking honest it makes me want to throw up!"

I stood up and walked a few feet away. My heart turned dry and metallic. I felt cold because the sun had been hidden for over an hour. I thought about just driving off and leaving her there. I looked at the trees across the field below the courts and noticed that they were more blue than green. I turned back and walked toward the sobbing figure, not because of any desire; I walked back because of some worn-out sense of duty. My mouth was dry and tasted of cardboard.

Calabash

John Lane

Picked from a brown field
of dead vines-
The gourd's rattle sings
in an old black man's hands.

Lino-cut
Jim Hackney

Untitled

Kevin Griggs

Wordless voices emerge from the
crashing mechanical doorway as
Linoleum-thudding footsteps swell.

Fumble-keyed hands unlock uneven
silhouettes, reeking of Aramus and tuna,
Jim Beam and Gin; the room
reddens.

Backlit shadows vanish from left
to right and gloss-eyed specters
inadvertently glide to a quilted
stage.

Giggle love and red-eyed promises
on a ferris wheel ride blend
with the rhythmic body-toned music;
Electric Light Orchestra.
Wet-sounding sounds and warm
feeling sighs eject from center stage.

Jim Beam has to piss, tuna has
to wash hands; the exit sign
reddens the room once again.

CP: A Friend

Greg Fowler

I can't help but think
he was hunting for something
When he'd call me late at night
in grief over the loss of a girl,
Or the times i'd see him
pop a few pills
or smoke a few joints.

I never knew much of what to say
so i just listened
but i can't help but wonder
if that was enough.

He tried to find that something
by going to summer school
and graduate early for college
And i thought i'd never see him again
but once again the phone calls
and slurred words as he tried to explain
as i tried to listen
as he took another drink.

At eighteen
he's married now
i guess he's happy
But what did he try to find all these years?
a girl?
or maybe himself?

I can't help but wonder.

Overlook

Les McMillan

Earpopping high on the Parkway
In the black clouds of this oily night,
There are occasional signs and
Cold, wet, stony tunnels.
I see OVERLOOK and crossed, white flintlocks
On a green and white sign
And pull off the road.
An abandoned campfire burns in a small field
Like a sole streetlamp on a black street.
I turn off my lights and ignition,
Walk near the fire,
And sit on an ashy rock.
I place a cinder under a styrofoam cup
That begins to writhe
Like a burning swan, bubbling and blackening.
The same thoughts that have come
While staring into leaves in the Kentucky mountains
Or while looking at an ashtray in Simple Simon
With itchy, weighty eyes at 4:00 in the morning,
Pound like a cold mallet in my brain–
The voice of Ford Philpot--
Talking of people dying unsaved
In grotesque accidents.
I put a lever of questions under the voice
That stands stolid like an affronted father.
The fulcrum will have to be nearer the weight
Of this bovine, adamant nag--
That's just. . . just. . .
The result of inculcation.

Poem

Robert Cannon

I have spent the day
Merely whiling the time away.
Foolish? Well perhaps,
But fairly enjoyable.
I settled into an old, overstuffed
Chair in the den and listened to music
On my father's stereo, intermittently
Singing, flipping through magazines, or thinking...
I do have some letters to write,
But they are long overdue-
Another week won't hurt,
And so I pretend that I've
Nothing better to do.
The sunset
Slips away with the melodies.

Pencil Drawing
Tracy Davis

Why Winter

What is the good of this season
    of the frozen dead
perhaps a Divine reason

Why do leaves fall from the trees
    leaving them naked
to Winter's icy breeze

Is it Winter only to purify
    is my ass frozen stiff
just to kill a little fly

Twinkle

Twinkle-twinkle little star
like diamonds in a gob of tar
or lightening bugs in a dark jar
are you just a star from afar
aloft only to guide our registrar
on his navigation and sailing semina

Twinkle-twinkle little star
    I know who you are
a reference point from afar
    to guide our lost registrar
home from his navigation seminar

Carlisle Hall

Carlisle Hall, abandoned and forgot
    left to mold and rot
Tear it down, says the big shot
But, remember, Mr. Big Shot
in your office, where you squat
and scheme and plot
you're only a pay slot
not a monument on a sacred lot

The Bard From Carlisle Hall

W. D. Dill

Poem

H.K.

Students,
Making feeble
Attempts to write something
Witty, try to impress their peers . . .

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the journal

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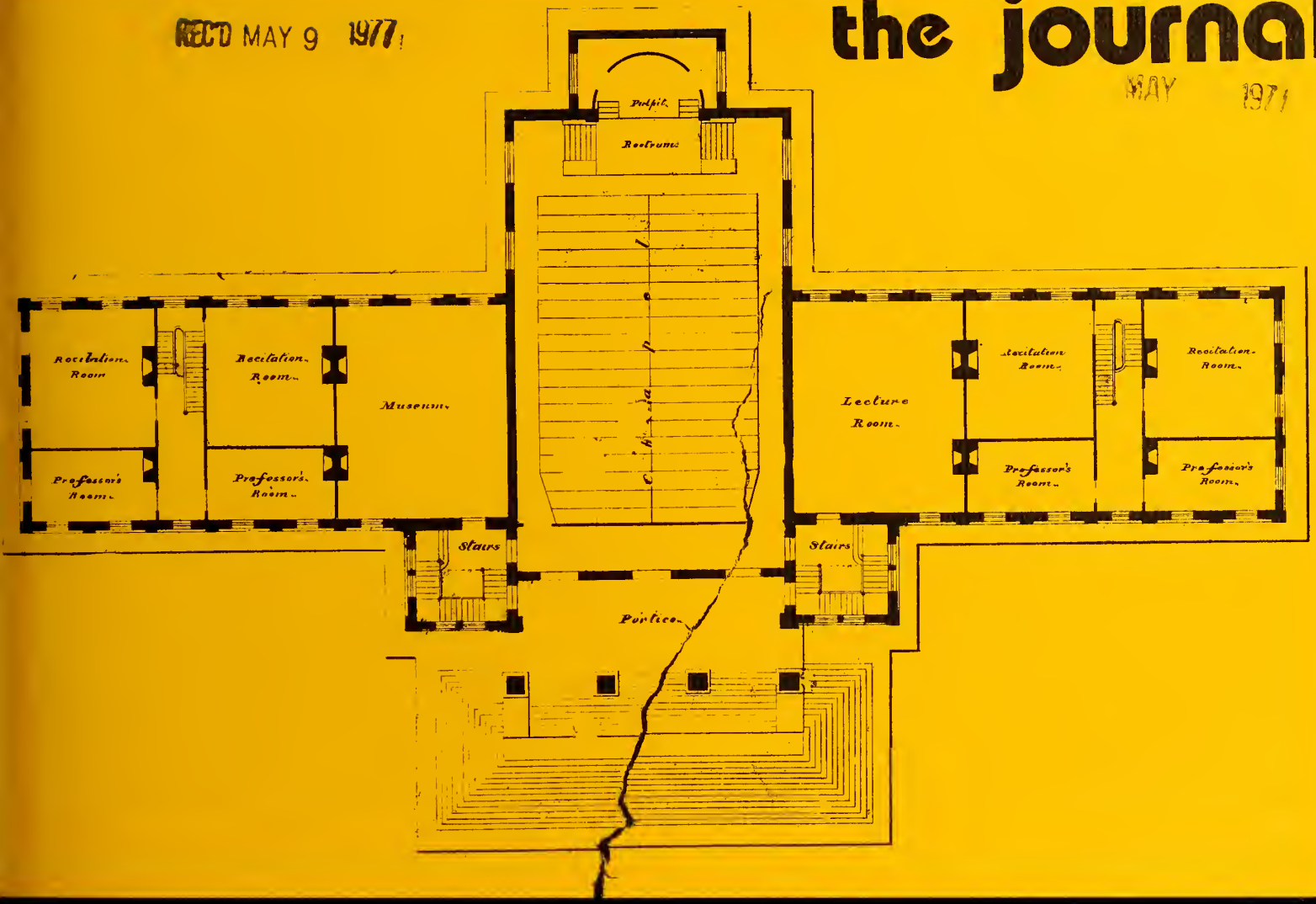

morningtune

Honorable Mention, Helmus Poetry Contest, 1977

Michael K. Turner

---

the tree-bird cries
for
the broken light
        lying in sparkling amber
        gradients.

To Life Celebration!

WOFFORD COLLEGE

INTAMINATIS FULGET HONORIBUS

A. D. 1854

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Graduation issue

the journal

Wofford's Literary Magazine
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Jim Hackney, Editor
Terry Rosenberg, Assistant Editor

Since 1889

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Special thanks to Herbert Hucks of the Wofford College Archives for his help in locating the old photographs and artwork. Also, to Ed Minus for organizing the 1977 Helmus Poetry Contest. We are forever indebted to Mr. A.J.R. Helmus for his continued support during the past twenty years.

Designed by JRHjr.

The Wofford Journal

along with

C.R.A.C.

Proudly Presents

mr. donald hall

Reading His Poetry

Tuesday, May 10

Burwell Campus Center 11:00 a.m.

Discussion

Shipp Hall Lounge 2:00 p.m.

Open to the public free

After the Hunt: A Drawing In *The First Americans*

First Place, Helmus Poetry Contest, 1977

John Lane

Five women gut and skin a stiffening elk,
cutting with long stone blades.

They talk among themselves and laugh,
pulling at the brown hide.
The raw edge is lost among the blood

and many wet hands. Beside them,
two children scratch in the dirt

with a small dry rib. The elk's head
lies at their feet,
its branching forehead like the bones

of some whole other animal.
The children think of later

when they will carry the dry, antlered
skull cap about on their heads and run,
chased by the older boys

hurling freshly cut saplings and yelling.

Rough Green Snake
Photograph
David Scott

A Wofford Interface

J. Mark Taylor

Mark Taylor is a 1976 graduate of Wofford and is now a student at Harvard Divinity School. The following article was requested by the editor.

During the holiday week between Christmas 1976 and the New Year 1977, Dr. Charles Franklin Nesbitt, former Professor of Religion at Wofford College, died.

Dr. Nesbitt retired from active teaching long before I ever considered Wofford as the institution where I wanted to build upon my education. I knew of him through my father, Eben Taylor, who was a student of Dr. Nesbitt during the early 1940's. I had often heard my father speak about the man who had the courage to teach his students that certain images and stories in his principle text, the Bible, were not to be misconstrued as literal truths but rather understood as figurative interpretations of events meant to portray ethical codes of behavior. This radical faith stance in an era of Bible Belt fundamentalism was often criticized by students' parents as blasphemy. Dr. Nesbitt's resignation was called for on many occasions, but to the credit of the president of the college and to the belief of the man who knew a personal truth worth dying for, many people graduated from Wofford having grown though his words and conviction. My father's eyes would dance with a certain vitality which let me know this man, Charles Franklin Nesbitt, was somebody special.

On a cold December day, I rode to Spartanburg with my father to bury a man I did not know but perhaps understood. The raw human dynamics of that day still make every vertabra vibrate as I reflect upon the events. The most vivid memory I carry is that of the gravesite. We gathered around a freshly dug cavity near a thistled hedge. The red Carolina sand beside the open ground took my thoughts from death's finality to questions of immortality to the coming spring with its implications of rebirth. I also remember thinking in those seemingly timeless moments that I was standing amidst Wofford itself, not mere representatives of the institution. All of the people assembled in the lazy Southern winter's sun had been touched in one way or another by Wofford College though professional association, marriage, or many-faceted friendship. Some of those present were my father's classmates; these same people were my teachers. Two generations stood face-to-face in the presence of life and death. The always present interface of generations like the eternal interface of life and death was the

most important equation I could draw of the Wofford experience through its rudimentary foundations.

When the final rites were over, many of the teachers and administrators came over to speak, some of whom I had learned from in classroom situations while others I had known by name, sight, and reputation only. As most called me by my name and knew what I was doing to further my life's evolution, I realized once again the fathomless value of a small liberal arts education. We shared as teachers and students of each other in a continual growth process.

As my father and I rode home mid-afternoon, we tossed out many thoughts about the events of the day. We realized we had not physically seen the Wofford campus, although we had ridden within two blocks of it twice. Somehow that was not important, we decided, because it struck us then as it strikes me now that seeing Wofford as an institution is committing its physical plant to memory and occasional return while committing its people to constant correspondence and revisitation, directly or indirectly. The Wofford interface lies within its people in the presence of life and death and the evolutionary educational process which encompasses all dimensions of human development.

For those peers who come behind me, I share simple words: Have the foresight to take full advantage of the resources, opportunities and especially the people within your grasp at Wofford, for hindsight is that perfect vision which often shows us we did not climb beyond our treetops into the stars.

Photograph
David Scott

Scotch-Irish

Dennis Dooley

Lacking Highland pride and Gaelic grace,
With only a weasel-toothed tenacity,
For one James they seized and subdued
The gentle valleys of Ulster,
Defended Derry against another James
And were rewarded with the Penal Laws.
So fled to find Charleston civility,
Established Church and the same Ascendancy.
So fled again to gnaw upcountry
Until they came to Paradise,
The hills and hollows of Appalachia.

Fairmount is a place they stopped and stayed.
In the piney clay hills above the Tyger,
Those fierce, indomitable lowlanders
Propped up shacks for homes,
Laid by cold Presbyterianism
For the fiery Baptist bible
And Common Law for pistol and pride,
Substituted Niggers for Taigs,
Endured poverty, contracted pellagra,
Made whiskey, begat children,
And from King Billy's boys devolved
Into just plain ol' hillbillies.

Trade

John Lane

A man reading the paper notices
the Russians have expanded their fishing fleet.

He thinks of grain sales and the cost of gold.
A child sitting next to him

drops a cone of cotton candy.
Continents move behind the man's glasses.

The child grinds off the bench
like a loose glacier.

Trade *also will appear in the spring issue of* **The Miscellany,** *copyright 1977.*

Rituals

Third Place, Helmus Poetry Contest, 1977

Peter B. Harvin

I.

We buried Plutides
With coins over his staring eyes.
The priest moved in patterns
Old and honored and sacred
And ... fearful;
We hoped he wouldn't rise again.

II.

Mechanos moving,
Rumbling, thudding like a heartbeat,
Pulsing like the bowels,
Producing,
Accounting for,
Devouring
Specie.
Mechanos rising,
Like a steel penis
Surging to the rhythm of a primitive dance,
Climaxless.

III.

We exhmuned Plutides
(That Greed bastard son).
The worms hadn't touched him.
The priest was in his church,
Praying, muttering,
Staring at his collection with glassy eyes.
The corpse was grinning.

Pencil Drawing
Lee Holroyd

Insomnia/Prayer

Jimmy Smith

The night comes, bearing noises
that keep me awake, wondering
what faucet will drip
what board will creak
what murderous maniac will break in
to cure my insomnia
and steal my television

O Lord!
Father of Darkness, Father of Light
Show me a means, show me a way,
to make the night as bright as day.
And if I die before I wake
Going to sleep was my last mistake.

Etching
Grant Chittenden

The Song of Miriam

Second Place, Helmus Poetry Contest, 1977

Jimmy Smith

Drowned; sunk to the bottom
like stones in the Red Sea,
the horse and rider rest in the mud.

Their eyes pressed by the weight of water,
their mouths agape, drinking the dark sea,
their hair swirling like fleeing ghosts of the firstborn-

Their unknowing widows await their return;
the cold currents pass peacefully
as they become part of a new mythology.

Her finger lay in two pieces and looked at her. The end that she was attached to spurted blood. Unsnapping her garter, she wound it around her forearm and muffled the vital message. It was a good thing that it was her left hand; this way she could sew it up herself. Her sewing was much neater than her lab partner's. Her eye-hand coordination was also faster than his. She was able to slot the round pegs into the square holes faster than anyone in G section. Hah, no one else wore a gold star on their forehead. It kept slipping onto the bridge of her nose, though. It was troublesome; yet, status was worth the inconvenience.

Tilting her head, she admired her handiwork. The cement was holding just fine, and the nerves were rejoining their ends and beginnings. She could submit this as her project for Handicrafts. Might just work!

Cogitating heavily, she came up with an appropriate cliche, something about dark horses having silver linings or sheep with golden fleeces.

Turning to make an exclamatory remark to her lab partner, she discerned that he was asleep, sound. Peering from beneath the 53 eyelashes projecting from her right eyelid she observed his Adam's apple's excursions upwards and downwards. Hers never did that. Something to do with hormones she guessed. Or maybe a thyroid condition, or worse yet, a parathyroid condition, there being four of those.

Hmmm, she hmmed in her three octave voice range, maybe an iodine deficiency. This was something she could rectify. Taking her mending finger out of the iodine bottle, she waited deliberately for an opportune moment. Grasping the bull by the horns and her lab partner by the ear, she dashed the bottle's contents down his throat and observed the glottus click shut on it. Her offering had been accepted.

Shortly thereafter her lab partner's eyes opened. Noting his eyes resting on the telltale bottle, she, not wanting to alarm him with her diagnosis, explained that she had decided to redecorate the room and had started with his mouth. He nodded complacently and proceeded to nibble the strand of hair projecting from his left temple. Protein deficiency she surmised, looking now from under the 59 eyelashes of the left eyelid.

He was an interesting assortment of anatomical

incongruities. His eyes could rotate a full 398 degrees, totally independent of each other. He could also see in the dark, a circumstance he attributed to the fact that his mother had found him in a carrot patch. In a stream of consciousness coupling of association neurons, he now knew why the Russians were so fond of vodka. Giggling beneath his breath, he wondered if their government knew.

Meanwhile, her one red finger offending her, she mixed up some silver nitrate, copper nitrate, cadmium sulfate, nickel dimethylglyoxime and bicarbonate. She then proceeded to make a spectrum of her fingers. The bicarbonate she gave to her lab partner. Arranging her fingers in front of his nose she asked for any constructive criticism. Coughing rapaciously in order to divert her attention onto himself, he succeeded.

Forcing air into his lungs, he, throwing caution to the wind, being careful to note which way the wind was blowing, queried her as to the site of her next redecoration endeavor. Activating the muscle beneath her left eyebrow, she elevated it 1 3-8 inches, a feat of which she was very proud. "You'll know soon enough," she trebled. He, being overwhelmed with consternation, turned red. This atavism being so rarely indulged in, she at first thought that her offering had been rejected by his lower regions, despite the bicarbonate.

Then, as a bolt from the blue, or a nut from the orange, reality dusked on her, she being in the Southern Hemisphere. Not wanting to alarm him about his acute case of protein deficiency she assured him that she was finished for the moment. In fact, it was time for the Handicrafts seminar to begin. Picking up her books, and with a backward glance, she loped off to her next class, wondering if castor oil had any protein enhancement qualities.

A Blinded Critic

M.T. Jackson, III

The artist sat by the lake creating a landscape
Upon the easel which stood waiting.
Like a silent companion, it accepted
The creator's desire and design.
Through elegant strokes the oils arose
From the palette to become the scene.
The piece reflected the artist's style, touch, his vision.

"Why take such time," inquired a hurried businessman,
"To copy the lake in this park?"

"A painting captures, it does not copy,"relied the artist.

"A photograph," murmured the efficient man,
"Would be quicker."

"Dimitrios"
Pencil Drawing
Lee Holroyd

A Chronicle

First Place, Helmus Poetry Contest, 1977

John Lane

The long dead running
over the fields.
--Robert Bly

I. The Elements

1. Walking home from work (spring)

In a far field backed by sky
not even a fool would trust,
Buck starts his run towards home.

His heavy workboots leave
crude prints in the soft, plowed ground.

Clouds are so close he could touch them--
he could reach and cover his hands
with black clouds.

Behind him the downpour passes the tree line
and turns the fields a darker brown.

The storm follows like a dark animal sure of its speed,
keeping its distance.

And now the rain begins.

At the house, when he arrives, his wife wrings
his wet shirt into a dark knot with her strong hands.

The storm shakes the windows of the room.

Her face slackens with fear.
Her glance dies in the air, and no words are spoken
between them.

Buck watches the storm
through the open window.

2. Loading wheat bales (summer)

In the cut field Buck is throwing bales in one motion,
the heat is slowing him.

Satch, the truck driver, calls out of the cab.

"Come on Red Cow, the sun ain't that hot."

Buck's hair is red, wet,
and hanging to his shoulders.

He swears it keeps the wheat straw off his neck.

Each arm is red with straw scratches below the elbow.
Buck won't wear long sleeves.

Satch says Buck's crazy. "Don't know his ass. . ."
Buck just throws bales and sings.

In the heat the truck shimmers
as it follows the thrasher.
Satch spits black juice from the window.

3. Satch, Buck, and Herman (winter)

A potbelly stove with one side propped by bricks
is heating the corner of the barn.

Outside, the ash-colored winter
fields.

Herman holds a long straw and sticks it in the grate.
He watches as it turns to ash and the small ring of smoke
winds away.

He laughs at the curling straw and pushes it closer to the stove.

In a far field where corn stalks
are plowed under, the straw hair
of a scarecrow moves in the cold air.

Satch picks his nails with a knife.

"Goddamn Herman, stop burning that straw.
I don't know who's got less sense, you
or Buck."

Buck stares at the slit in the grate and notices
the smells in the barn, cowdung, the burning straw, and dry wood.

"I don't know whether this straw smells sweeter
rotting, or out there in the fields in summer."

"Goddamn," says Satch, as he shakes his head.

Herman burns another straw and laughs. This one burns like a slow fuse.

II. Moving Towards The Well

1. Atlantic Beach, N.C.

On the road in through the farm fields,
through the green crops ripe, full, exploding with green.

they watched the irrigation sprinklers
jerk through their rough rotations
and spurt streams of water.

Now Buck sits on the beach.
His thick back burns by the hour, and his arms
are browner than the farm sun left them.

He pulls his long, red hair back exposing two pink ears.

The white sand dulls as the sun
slips behind a line of dunes.

Buck drinks beer, piling cans in front of him, emptied
like sand-filled timepieces.

The tide drags in, and he thinks of something
that happened last night, a face, but no name
comes.

Suddenly, the sprinklers start their slow stroke
in his head, behind him the slap of the sea
on the sand, then a quick silence.

In the small motel room his wife clutches
a fold of crumpled sheets in her broad hands,
her body propped on her elbows.

She watches the lights of the pavilion
racing on the wall. Dancers. Cave paintings.

Her small breasts hang under the loose nightgown.

She falls asleep before Buck returns
at Midnight.

2. The whore (at a small town near the farm)

When he has money Buck parks his white pickup here.
He always gets the same girl.

He knows her red hair is longer than his,
but she wears it in a loose bun mounting
the top of her head.

Each visit, calling her by name, he begs her
to let it down.

"Please Sheila, I'll leave on time,
I won't give you no trouble."

But when they finish she wipes the sperm from her thighs
with the top sheet and starts to dress.

She looks at him, turning up the corners of her mouth,

"No Buck, not this time. Go home Buck,
maybe later."

The room does not move, then the slow creak
of the bed as she stands to leave.

He dresses, pulling his shirt
over his still moist chest.

III. The Long Dead

The crane loaded them early in the morning
before the rain had dried.

Satch was the first to see me.

"Red cow, your daddy's down there
in the feed lot dead, that big steer,
stiff as shit."

It took a backhoe and three men an hour to dig the hole.
Twenty could have stood in it easy.

"Shit, six steers and three cows, they say the feed was bad.
It could have dropped the whole lot."

James White was there with us early.
I swear we joked about the way they fell,
some had kicked the fence and their
legs were bent like green sticks.

Two hours later we circled around his body lying face down
below the loft.

The barn leaned slightly, hanging above us all.
Someone had told him not to trust

the half-rotted boards.

On top of that it had rained hard last night,
and the loft's floor was wet
and covered with straw.

Someone had told him that.

When he hit we heard his neck snap like a branch in a storm,
a clean break.

After the last motions had crawled over
His sprawled arms and legs everyone went still.

When the pickup pulled away with his body we tried to talk,
but nothing sounded right.

All day when I passed that spot
I could see the place where his head
had landed and sunk in.

And in the city:
"So he say, man. But I don' know nuthin'
'Bout that mess. Too big for my head."
All that against a backdrop of linear steel
And glass,
Lines blurred by the steam hissing from
Manhole covers
In black asphalt.
Overhead, a complex polygon sky–
Not blue--
Darkens toward night.
Sodium-vapor lamps come alive;
People die
Around the corner of the building with a
Red neon sign, blinking.
I do not see this.

The pigeons left long ago;
They left us pigeon shit
On city walks and monuments.

From a window in another section of town:
"Oh, babe, don't you believe I love you?"
After all, he just did.
But there is no reply,
Not even a half-choked sob
In the dark.

And in a basement bar:
"My bottom line to *him* was . . ."
"Get your hand off my ass . . ."
"Are you nuts? Put that joint out . . ."
These "new" rhythms are ancient:
Bacchus.

I am not a part.
I doubt my humanity,
Until the woman comes
And stills my analysis.
I tap her body
And for a moment
I am alive.

Buddha found his light in the urna,
Found his center in the navel;
I am centered a bit lower, I think,
For better balance.

In the museum
I look at Fan K'uan's "Travelers"
And wonder.
Perhaps I understand . . .perhaps . . .

"I don' know nuthin' 'bout that . . ."
"If we can just keep from killing each other
Another few years . . ."

My love . . . lady . . . call to me,
Let me know where you are.
Let me get off these city streets.

Photograph
Jay Seay

After the Fire

I–Impressions
When first told, I felt
nothing, not even numb.
Was it too vague, or
was it I didn't care?

Slowly pain and sorrow gather
like clouds: it's obligatory when
people talk saying "How close it is"
and feeling for themselves.

Atropos cuts the thread her sister spins;
people say the Fates are unkind.

I do not know what happened;
somehow, I don't care
about details. I've had enough
of rumors that fly
and in flying are metamorphosed.

II–Recollections
I remember Wednesday (before the fire)
I saw Richard stretched out
in the sun and watching a game;
we silently laid near one another.

Early evening, I heard
a debate about divine providence
and predestination. All agreed
God does not ordain disaster.

From where then does
such a thing come?

On the tower, I have
kept my watch through bleak dusk
and bleaker night. O Lord,
lift up your countenance upon me,
and give me peace.

Photograph
Jay Seay

The Thirsty Soldier

Jimmy Smith

Beyond the mountains
are more mountains.
Beyond them are more mountains still.
Finally there is the sea.

Here, in the desert,
the bones of what once were,
men and other animals dead of thirst,
shine beneath the sun as hot sand blasts through.

A foreigner once came--
one of many foreigners.
He had come to kill
and win from us our land.
He had won much land
and killed many men
before he was killed himself.
He crawled to us, asking for water,
stretching a bloody hand before him,
begging that we be kind to a dying man.

No one spoke;
he was a foreigner who had come to kill.
The women turned away
and the men spat.
The children whose fathers he had killed threw stones.

At last he turned to me.
A thousand meanings of thirst were parched into his lips.
His eyes died as I watched.
I spoke to him.

"There is water;
I have seen water.
It is beyond those mountains,
and beyond more mountains still."

Loading the Ore Ships

John Lane

Ships from other countries sit low
with half a mountain pulling them down
into the slow swell of the harbor.

The air is yellow and thick
with stirred dust.

It settles on crates left in the open
and on the fenders of cars;

the stevedores wear masks.

On the docks hundreds of rats die each week
but the cleaning crews sweep daily;

the soles of their shoes are covered
with brown hairs.

Look! The bottoms of rat's feet are dry and creased
like the palms of old men with yellow nails.

* * *

In the tall office buildings along the water
the harbor smells slip under closed doors;

executives complain among themselves.

The long windows are yellow and the sun throws
a dulled light on the filing cabinets
in the early morning.

When the wind shifts north in the spring
the windows on one side of the building
are covered with dust.

Small lamps must be used in all the offices
even at noon.

Come Winter Wind

Andy Pickens

Winter clouds at a standstill beckon birds 'round
Chimney sillouettes;
In and out, on impulse they go--
Pursuants instinctively.

From colossal pillars the echoes did sound
in harmoney unrestrained--
"Babylon your towers are tumbling!"
rolled like thunder across the plain.

Smoke billows thick to the current's height.
Like birds in a cadence key unseen:
Come winter wind, soon lost, blown out--
To warmer lands they flee.

Stars transfixed in cloud-break patterns
Alone, with the moon, remain;
Come winter's storm, ephemeral mist
Plays a prelude to the rain.

Postcards From Paris

Second Place, Helmus Poetry Contest, 1977

Jimmy Smith

I've seen pictures:

a girl in a wet t-shirt
her breasts pressed against the cloth
like dolphins straining to escape the sea;
another, smiling from an armchair,
behind lace a whisper could blow aside,
her eyes, half-closed droplets of translucent grey,
gazing, lethargic and willing, into the perfumed night;
and the other, hips writhing to a neanderthal pulse,
her lips kissing the sweaty air,
drunk and laughing, beckoning with hands
nimble as a knife-thrower's,
fading in and out of the nicotine haze;
casual residentws
casual residents of eternity.

I've seen these pictures;
I took them from a grandfatherly cabinet
and blew the dust away.

Wofford College Infirmary
Photograph
Jay Seay

Wofford College Faculty, 1894

Extracurricular Activities at Wofford College 1880-1910

David M. Beacham

A college student in 1977 is overwhelmed with educational possibilities on the college campus. The academic world is no longer restricted to the classroom or the library. Today, literally hundreds of opportunities exist to benefit the student; they range from seminars to travel abroad, and from concerts to hypnotists! Life at a college campus still centers around achievement, however, and Wofford from 1880 through 1910 was doing its share.

During these thirty years near the turn of the century, Wofford was a struggling, Methodist-supported institution which never had more than 250 students, and generally averaged around 150. A large portion of these students were ministers' sons, and many were future ministers themselves. The vast majority of them were from South Carolina; a huge percentage of this group was from the Spartanburg area. Therefore, one must think in terms of this composition of the student body when dealing with activities concerning the college.

Students of this era underwent rigorous preparation for their courses of study. Since there was little outside interference, they did not seem to mind. There grew up on the campus many groups interested in making the pursuit of a college degree somewhat enlightening. The main outside activity, then, became participation in one of the literary societies: "So long as the societies remained almost the sole organized extracurricular activity, absorbed a large part of the students' energies." 1 They were well-liked, and the Trustees made membership compulsory in 1872. There were two societies during the era 1880-1910, the Calhoun and the Preston Societies. An excerpt from a Wofford College Catalogue of the age gives some indication of how these groups were promoted:

> *The Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies meet every Friday night in their well-furnished halls for improvement in Declamation, Composition, and Debate. Their orderly management and generous emulation make them a helpful element of collegiate training, and they are regarded by both students and Faculty as an indispensable part of the machinery of instruction.* 2

Just as today's college students are often regarded as lovers of attention, the Wofford men of the late 1880's also enjoyed performing for an audience. David Duncan Wallace points out in his *History of Wofford College* that meetings of the literary societies were frequently filled with debate, and would often be carried over to Saturday morning in order to finish their business. 3

Wofford men were also encouraged to use the College Reading Room which contained a variety of newspapers and magazines, hopefully eliciting "thoughtful inquiry into current questions." 4 Students were urged to participate in YMCA activities, and were required to attend the daily service in the Chapel.

The main activity, then, was the participation in the literary societies. In 1889, the societies established a literary magazine to be called the *Wofford College Journal*. The first edition appeared in January, 1889. In it, the staff explained how the publication of this magazine

> *was conceived of an honest purpose among the young men of the College to further their own development and to give the public the matter of the best literary character they are capable of.* 5

The magazine was to become a tremendous success, largely due to the fact that it was supported wholly by students. The editorial staff urged contributions and criticism as well, saying it would "not be incensed at any just criticism made upon it." 6 *The Journal* appeared monthly and soon grew into a busy forum for public opinion.

In the area of extracurricular entertainment, the Wofford College Lyceum provided a chance for the College community to enjoy various speakers, singers, and theatrical productions. Wallace points out that Professor J.A. Gamewell was the driving force behind its organization in the college year 1898-99. 7 The Catalogue of that year describes the Lyceum's object as this:

. . . to bring to Spartanburg the very best men on the lecture platform . . . the citizens of Spartanburg have generously joined the College in an effort to make this a permanent organization. [8]

A nominal fee was charged for admission to these programs. Until radio (and later television) made inroads into the areas of mass communication, Professor Gamewell attracted figures of wide-ranging prominence to the Wofford campus, including Woodrow Wilson, George Kennan, Carl Sandburg, and William Jennings Bryan. [9] A number of singers and theater groups toured here as well; the November *Journal* of 1897 reviewed the New York Male Quartette, claiming their harmony was perfect and the voices good." [10]

Another activity which was widely practiced during the 1890's was the art of oratory and debate. The State Oratorical Association was formed in November, 1898, by Furman, Wofford, Clemson, Presbyterian College, and Erskine. These schools competed against each other throughout the year, frequently becoming engaged in very lively or heated discussions.

One interesting account of a debate between Furman and Wofford is in the June, 1905 *Journal*. The match occurred on the evening of May 19th, and the question to be discussed was "Resolved, that the period has now arrived when the best interest of South Carolina would be served by the organization of our cotton mill operatives into trade unions." [11] Wofford was represented by Mssrs. J.G. Stabler and J.R. Lyles who, while arguing in favor of this question, lost, but "in such a defeat there is no disgrace, for in the fight they covered themselves with honor." [12]

Other types of social entertainment included receptions at visiting campuses. Wofford men were often invited to join their colleagues at nearby Converse College or Limestone for tea and punch. In its account of a February 21, 1896 reception at Converse in honor of a student Martha Washington, the *Journal* recalls what a splendid occasion it was, calling such affairs "oases in the desert of memory." [13]

Holidays were special, and there were almost always elaborate ceremonies in the Spartanburg area to commemorate them. The November, 1892 *Journal*

contains an account of a Columbus Day celebration involving some 1,000 students at the opera house complete with "extracts and songs rendered by pupils" and topped off with the Converse Chorus's rendition of *Dixie.* [14] Washington's Birthday also was celebrated at Wofford, albeit somewhat quieter; in February, 1906, "some went home, while others went for walks and drives; still others confined themselves to their books."[15]

Politics made for discussion on the Wofford campus, too. Students took great interest in the issues and candidates of the era. On March 11, 1898,

> *fifteen boys went to Due West to hear (William Jennings) Bryan . . . They came back loud in their praises of Bryan and of the courtesy and kindness shown them by the Erskine boys.* [16]

Some six years earlier, the Harrison-Cleveland Presidential race stirred the students. The Wednesday night following Cleveland's election was rainy and cold, but the weather failed to stop some celebration on campus by about twenty-five students who called on various faculty members for speeches and cheered with "barbaric and deafening yells." [17]

Finally, students also actively attended the State Fair every year, especially those interested in agriculture, for it was a marvelous opportunity to view prize livestock. Students were frequently invited to faculty members' homes for discussions or to hear visiting speakers, as well, and there was little complaint of "nothing to do."

Athletics were instrumental in the area of extracurricular activities; football, baseball, and basketball each gained popularity from 1880-1910. Professor J.H. Marshall was an activist for college athletics, calling in March, 1889, for the encouragement of athletics at Wofford, the "annual celebration of athletic games." [18] He was successful in organizing a football team in 1889 which experienced two highly publicized victories over Furman. The first game, played December 14, 1889, was "interesting and exciting" and was "won with ease by Wofford," 5 to 1. [19] The second contest was not-so-easy; it was "hotly contested" and Wofford's

victory was gained "only by the superior size and strength of our boys." [20]

The students obviously loved these contests. Henry F. Jennings, writing in the February, 1890, *Journal*, reports that there was wild celebration following the second victory over Furman, a 2 to 1 decision: "the Woffordites rode, with streaming banners, through the streets to Fitzgerald's Art Gallery, where they left their negative for twenty-four pictures." [21]

However, despite its popularity with the students, the faculty and Trustees were highly suspicious of this dangerous game. It was quite violent, and the absence of adequate padding led to many broken bones and other injuries. The Methodist Conference in 1896 recommended that the College forbid football, and it was done. Inter-class competition re-appeared around 1900, but it remained moot on the inter-collegiate level until around 1914. [22]

Baseball was also quite popular, and Wofford was extremely successful near the turn of the century. The early 1900's produced interest in basketball; it did not take long for a team to develop. While it was different then from the fast-paced game of today, Wofford consistently fielded an exciting basketball team known for producing upsets, such as the 18-15 victory over Wake Forest in February, 1906. [23]

Just as there was controversy in the area of athletics, another aspect of Wofford life always seemed to be in debate over its merits. Fraternities were active on campus, causing some to constantly ask why. E.D. Mouzon created a substantial disturbance with his article in the February, 1889, *Journal* when he lashed out against "the helping hand" of the frats and called for their abolition. [24] A non-fraternity organization was established in 1899, known as the Philanthropeans. "Believing the spirit and practices of the fraternities to be hostile to the best interests of the College and student body," the Philanthropeans worked hard for their abolishment. [25] The Trustees voted to abolish all secret organizations at Wofford in June, 1906, causing many to become more secret. [26] Although they were later reinstituted, fraternities remain a center of controversy.

As the 20th Century took shape, it became apparent that the students of Wofford College needed some form of unity. A November, 1908, editorial in *The Journal* called for a student body organization to unite "the students into a more compact body," rather than just class organizations. [27] Still, each class maintained a certain spirit.

The Senior Class of 1909 "decided in secret conclave that it needed some mark to differentiate it from other classes and proceeded to adopt a motion to get walking canes." [28] As usual, college students remain unpredictable.

It is apparent that the college students of the late 1800's and early 1900's were not altogether different from 1977 college students. While they studied diligently, they still managed to seek extracurricular relief. They were not perfect angels, either, as former student Robert A. Law points out:

Of course there were infractions of discipline, like the tolling of the college bells at midnight; the painting of cows belonging to the faculty; a conspiracy among students whereby a hen was purchased and thrown into the hall of a literary society then in session, but soon after adjournment; even cases of gambling, drunkenness, and the grosser vices. But all these offenses were handled quietly and firmly by the President in person and seldom by other members of the faculty. [29]

Extracurricular activities may be more numerous in 1977, but they are not any more welcome or better attended than those of 1880-1910. Wofford students still disagree over how they want to spend their time out of the classroom. Political issues cause debate, Converse girls still arouse much interest, the fraternities continue to raise controversy, and football still makes for year-round discusssion. People have not changed; maybe times have, somewhat. Wofford is still Wofford-- now with 1,000 students rather than 200. And we still maintain that *espirit d'corps* that Dr. D.D. Wallace talked about in an address which appeared in the 1910 Bohemian; that "deep affection for the old mother and of personal attachment to her as having contributed to one's life what no other institution can." [30]

NOTES

[1]David Duncan Wallace, *History of Wofford College, 1854-1949* (Nashville: Vanderbilt University Press, 1951), pp. 233-234.

[2]*Wofford College Catalogue*, 1894-95, p. 19.

[3]Wallace, *History of Wofford*, p. 234.

[4]*Catalogue*, 1894-95, p. 19.

[5]"Purpose of *The Journal*," *The Journal*, I (January, 1889), p. 1.

[6]*Ibid.*

[7]Wallace, *History of Wofford*, p. 109.

[8]*Wofford College Catalogue*, 1898-99, p. 31.

[9]Wallace, *History of Wofford*, p. 110.

[10]"Local Department," *The Journal*, IX, (November, 1897), p. 37.

[11]"Local Department," *The Journal*, XVII (June, 1905), p. 449.

[12]*Ibid.*

[13]"Local Department," *The Journal*, VIII (March, 1896), p. 281.

[14]"Local Department," *The Journal*, IV (November, 1892), pp. 89-90.

[15]"Local Department," *The Journal*, XVIII (March, 1906), p. 323.

[16]"Local Department," *The Journal*, X (April, 1898), p. 31.

[17]"Local Department," *The Journal*, IV (December, 1892), p. 127.

[18]J.H. Marshall, "College Sports," *The Journal*. II (January, 1890), p. 20.

[19]"Local Department," *The Journal*, II (January, 1890), p. 20.

[20]*Ibid.*, p. 26.

[21]"Local Department," *The Journal*, II (February, 1890), p. 58.

[22]Wallace, *History of Wofford*, p. 109.

[23]"Local Department," *The Journal*, XVIII (March, 1906), p. 320.

[24]E.D. Mouzon, "College Fraternities," *The Journal*, I (February, 1889), p. 12.

[25]"The Philanthropeans," *The Bohemian*, I (1908), p. 100.

[26]Wallace, *History of Wofford*, p. 182.

[27]"Editorial," *The Journal*, XX, (November, 1908), p. 77.

[28]"Local Department," *The Journal*, XX (December, 1908), p. 159.

[29]Robert A. Law, "Wofford College and its President Twenty Years Ago," in *Carlisle Memorial Volume*, ed. Watson B. Duncan (Nashville: Publishing House of the M.E. Church, 1916), p. 104.

[30]David Duncan Wallace, "The Advance Movement at Wofford During the Last Ten Years," *The Bohemian*, III (1910), p. 119.

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Wofford College Yells

Reprinted from the 1904 Aurora, *Wofford's first annual*

Razzle dazzle, razzle dazzle.
Sis, boom! Ah!
Wofford! Wofford! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Boom get a rat trap!
Bigger than a cat trap!
Boom get a rat trap!
Bigger than a cat trap! Boom!
Cannibal! Cannibal!
Zip! Boom! Bah!
Wofford! Wofford! Rah! Rah! Rah!

'Tis no lie. 'Tis no bluff!
Wofford College pretty hot stuff!

Razzle! Dazzle! Hobble Gobble!
Sis Boom Bah!
Wofford! Wofford! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Sweet Marie, Sweet Mara!
Hocus pocus, ricus racus
Sis Boom Ah!
Judix Radix, Flipperty Flop!
Wofford College. we're on top!

Bum-a-laca, bum-a-laca, bow wow wow,
Chic-a-lacka, chic-a-laca, chow, chow, chow!
Bum-a-laca, chic-a-lacka, who are we?
We are the boys of W. C.

fford College Baseball Team, 1895

Wofford College Co-eds, June 1899

Time of play 1898—present day.

(Enter two co-eds singing merrily amidst much cheering.)

The co-eds in unison:

Here we come
They let us in
We coaxed 'em some—
We have been
Just dying most
To get in here—
So we can boast.

Act II. Time '99-

(Co-eds continuing),

Our number's eight
We told you so
You doubted us—
You didn't know
How bright the girls
In this section
Really are.

Act III. Time 1903-

(Co-eds still singing.)

Well we still
Are right here
Upon the hill,
For many a year!
Tho' only four
We've had our time;
No broken heart
Is at our door.

Act IV. Time '04.

(Co-eds still singing and beginning to go out.)

Farewell you boys
We are tired
Of your joys
We've aspired
To be bright;
But you never
Did us right—
So forever
Fare thee well.
The end is near
There is no tear
In our eyes.

(All go out amidst great cheering and are heard of no more.)

END.

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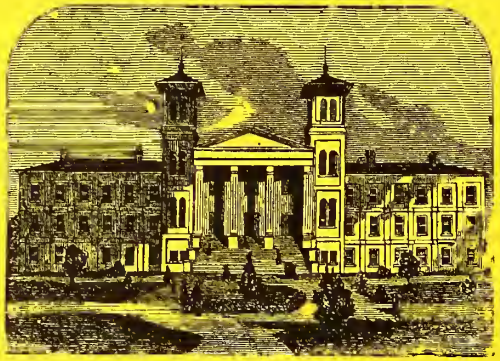
REV. BENJAMIN WOFFORD, 1780—1850.



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This year's version of **The Journal** *must now stand the test of history. The policies have been simple. "Do everything to turn* **The Journal** *into a magazine that shows the best part of the intell edual creativity of the Wofford Community and serve the campus in the best ways possible."*

You will have to determine whether or not the goals have been approached.

In addition to the magazine itself **The Journal** *is thankful to C.R.A.C. for financing the "Photography as Art" workshop in November and Mr. Donald Hall's visit to Wofford. He is the first major literary figure to be at Wofford in several years.*

Thanks are due to countless supporters who have convinced me of the need and wants of this publication. The list is too long to name them all, but without Terry the year c ould have been tragic.

I was extremely pleased with the response to Don Welch's article that I requested for the first number. If nothing else came of it, I am now truly convinced of the administrative sincerity in its concern for us--the students.

The only regret for the year is lack of money to print the fourth issue. We had plenty of treasures for it.

The editorial discussions made on the material was dealt with not only aesthetically but pastorally for the individual and the campus.

In closing, I suddenly feel as if I have a new brother in Will Willimon. Let's hope Sally Nan doesn't enter this priveleged group next year. Good luck!

Thank-you Wofford!

Jim Hackney

Jim Hackney

In order to compensate for the typos that are careless and my responsibility , would you please cut out the following and glue them in where they are needed: uYH9–@%%mjiK¼]gG;:,,,'".:Quxdr 7i†=,esh *poi9=*4weeeeeeeeee!!!!!!!*

WOFFORD COLLEGE.
SPARTANBURG SO. CA.

BY

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